THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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BEGINNING

The Singular Miss Smith

By Florence M. Kingsley

The Gould Lines

By Frank H. Spearman

A Plague of Women

By Will Payne

The Big Four in Washington Diplomacy

By Alfred Henry Lewis

DRAWN BY WILL GREFÉ

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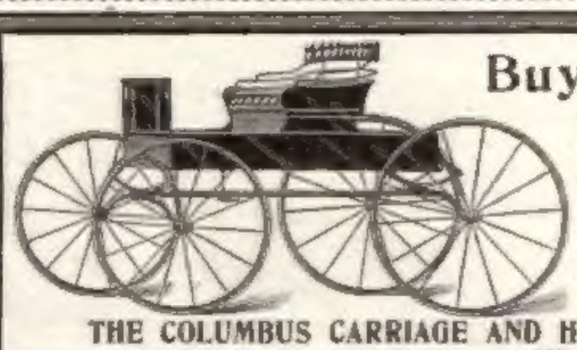

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The Singular Miss Smith

By Florence Morse Kingsley

CHAPTER I

THE president of the Ontological Club tapped for order, her eyes behind their gold-mounted glasses dwelling blandly on the animated scene before her. "Our dear women are manifesting a really unprecedented interest in this our first sociological study of the season," she murmured in the ear of Dr. Aurilla Robinson-Cobb, who occupied the seat of honor at her right hand.

Doctor Robinson-Cobb elevated her brows tentatively. "The question may be justly considered a vital one, as causally related to the Cosmos and to the individual," she replied in a rumbling voice suggestive of abysmal deeps of wisdom.

Doctor Robinson-Cobb had — to use her own lucid phrase — in the process of her unfoldment reached a plane above and beyond that occupied by the generality of female clubs. And though, of course, she understood perfectly that there is no sex in mind she was inclined to prefer (as an audience) that manifestation of mind which sees fit to array itself in trousers.

The subject of the afternoon, as announced by the secretary of the club, a well-developed lady who appeared to be hermetically sealed in a lavender broadcloth gown, was an eminently practical question: "Why do American women of the laboring class decline, as a rule, to enter domestic service?"

As intimately correlated to the question Dr. Aurilla Robinson-Cobb had been persuaded to deliver before the Ontological Club her celebrated lecture on The Primal Relation of Woman to the Evolution of the Cosmos. The number of multi-syllabled words employed by the lecturer in the course of her address was gratifyingly large. When, at last, she took her seat the Ontological Club, as a body, heaved a furtive sigh of gratitude and exhaustion; individually they exchanged hypocritical whispers to the effect that they had enjoyed an inestimable privilege.

The lecturer, pleasantly conscious of having created a sensation, leaned back in her chair, eying the club with the air of a learned professor matutinally obliged to steel himself against the crass stupidity of his pupils. The "general discussion" had been announced and was about to begin.

There was a short period of silence, during which the president assured Doctor Robinson-Cobb *sotto voce* that our dear women were *so* appreciative, she felt sure that they had been awed into silence by the lofty ideas presented in the course of the lecture.

Doctor Robinson-Cobb compressed her lips, but it was evident that this idea was not wholly displeasing; she therefore consciously relaxed her mental attitude, with immediate results. A small lady wearing very large, luminous spectacles, which seemed to point to a corresponding development of brain structure, arose and begged leave to address the assemblage. It became subsequently evident that, in the opinion of the small lady with spectacles, American women of the laboring class would gladly lend themselves to the uplifting influence of the more illumined individuals who formed the so-called upper classes if they could be induced to realize their primal relationship to the Cosmos. The proper and indeed the only plane of life on which this necessary realization could be accomplished was manifestly the plane of domestic labor. The American kitchen should be — must be — eagerly sought by the laboring woman as the arena in which to develop the germs of the psychic existence. She warmly recommended, as a practical measure, that the eloquent and convincing address of the afternoon presented by Dr. Aurilla Robinson-Cobb should be published at the expense of the Ontological Club, and that a copy should be placed in the outstretched hand of the American laboring woman.

She gracefully quoted in closing that weighty saying of Emerson's: "We are used as brute atoms until we think, then we use all the rest." The large glasses seemed positively to emit rays of wisdom as their wearer triumphantly enunciated: "As thinkers, elevated upon the mountain heights of inspiration, women of the Ontological Club, it is our manifest duty to use the brute atom — to conform it to our higher needs. Let us then seize the psychic instinct and mould into sentient beauty this, our part of the eternal macrocosm!"

A subdued rustle of silk-lined garments, a buzz of whispered exclamations and a reverential elevation of lorgnettes greeted this burst of eloquence. Even the great Doctor Robinson-Cobb was seen to be visibly moved. She frowned judicially, ahemed in a masculine manner and nodded thrice.

It was at this psychic instant that our story really begins. "Ladies" — the president of the Ontological Club was speaking with that unctuous tranquillity which marked her every action — "the chair cannot forbear voicing the very general gratification in view of the elevated trend which our discussion has taken. As I have often declared from this platform, one cannot too often subject one's entire being to the direct rays of Truth. After listening to the inspirational utterances of the afternoon I feel that I, for one, cannot help advancing to a higher plane of thought than I have yet occupied. We have still remaining twenty precious minutes; if there is any one present who can add to what has been said we shall be glad to listen now. (A thrilling pause.) If not we will attend to the reading of the notices, after which I trust that every member of the club will remain for an hour of social communion with the distinguished guest of the afternoon, Dr. Aurilla Robinson-Cobb. Ah, Miss Smith! Ladies, Miss Smith has the floor."

Fifty pairs of eyes followed the august motion of the presiding officer's head and became fixed with mingled curiosity and disapproval upon the tall, slender figure of a young woman who had risen in the centre of the room. She began slowly, almost appealingly. "The question of the afternoon is, 'Why do American women of the laboring class decline, as a rule, to enter domestic service?' We have been told that it is because they do not realize their primal relationship to the Cosmos. Perhaps this is true, if we could possibly understand what the Cosmos is, and what we ourselves are. I confess that I do not understand either."

An eager stir pervaded the assemblage. The small lady with the luminous spectacles, in particular, seemed almost unable to keep her seat. Miss Smith continued, "I have made full notes of several lectures to which I have listened in this room, describing the Cosmos in detail and defining ourselves as 'spiritual entities,' 'centres of energy,' 'individualized mind,' 'rays of truth,' and so on; but in spite of it all I am quite sure I have so far failed to realize my primal relationship to my kitchen, to say nothing of the rest of the Cosmos.

"I fear I am speaking very bluntly, and I am sure you think me very stupid; but I have often heard here that Mind is ageless and knows no limit, so I hope you will forgive me for saying just what I think, though I am so much younger than the other members of the club."

A rustle of ill-concealed indignation followed this unlucky phrase. Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser was heard to murmur that the girl was "really impossible."

"Why," urged Miss Smith, her gray eyes fixed earnestly on the dismayed president of the Ontological Club, "do we not ask the laboring women this question, instead of talking among ourselves about the Cosmos, which, I am sure, they never even heard of? They must have good reasons for not liking to work in our homes instead of stifling in those dreadful sweatshops and factories where they are obliged to work much harder. If they would tell us just what they do not like about domestic service, could we not remedy the conditions and make our homes pleasant places in which to work?"

"IT DOESN'T MATTER IN THE LEAST, AUNT NUGENT; I HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF SUCH A THING AS MARRYING DOCTOR GALLATIN"

The young woman paused as if waiting for an answer to this question, and the lady with the luminous spectacles begged, caustically, to be allowed to ask the speaker a question: "Will Miss Smith be so very kind as to suggest a method by which the Ontological Club may bring about this happy result? To put it plainly, are we to invite our cooks, housemaids and factory-girls to attend a session of the Ontological Club and discuss the question on the open floor?"

A wave of whispered protest swept over the room, to subside at a gentle reminder from the chair: "Ladies, I beg to remind you that Miss Smith has the floor!"

That young lady was regarding the luminous spectacles with a puzzled expression. "I think," she said slowly, "that the suggestion is a very good one, if they—I mean the cooks and factory-girls—could possibly be honest here."

After which she sat down, feeling vaguely sore and discomfited.

During the social hour which followed Miss Smith found herself the object of much curious attention on the part of numbers of full-fed elderly ladies, who regarded her dubiously from strongly-intrenched positions behind their teacups. At length Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser was seen to bear down on the young person like a deep-freighted galleon under full sail. "My dear Miss Smith," she said sonorously, "do you realize that you are really quite the sensation of the afternoon? I am sure we all desire nothing more devoutly than to make a wise use of powers developed in the higher phases of human experience. But you must allow one wiser in this world's knowledge than you seem to be, my love, to tell you that we cannot hope to treat with the laboring classes on our own plane of thought. To use Doctor Robinson-Cobb's beautiful simile, we who have become individualized centres of power—suns—in the mighty mazes of the Cosmos must not only illumine but control the blind atoms which circle about us in æonian darkness. Of *course*, after ages of evolution gained through countless reincarnations the unintelligent beings who compose the masses *may* gain the heights we now occupy. But at present, believe me, my dear child, it is really a mistaken—indeed, I may say an ignorant—kindness—if such a contradiction in terms may be permitted in metaphysics—to attempt to elevate the masses."

"I am sure I never thought of trying to elevate the masses," said Miss Smith simply; "but I should like to help poor girls who need it."

Mrs. Van Deuser sighed deeply, then her face lighted up. She lifted her lorgnette and studied the candid young face before her. "My dear child," she ejaculated with feeling, "this is really providential. You know I am president of the board of managers of the Protestant Evangelical Refuge for aged, indigent and immoral females. The needs of this excellent institution are very great at present. I shall be delighted to add you to our committee on ways and means."

The girl shook her head. "I tried being on a board of managers once," she said decidedly. "I didn't like it. And"—her young face flushed brightly—"I couldn't talk to those dreadful women, I am sure. I should like to help to keep them from being dreadful. It seems so much more sensible, don't you think it does?"

Mrs. Van Deuser drew herself up for an instant and stared hard at the misguided young person, as she mentally termed Miss Smith. Then her face wreathed itself in a forgiving smile. "My *dear, dear* child," she murmured, "you are *so* like your father!"

"Thank you," said Anne Smith.

ANNE SMITH STOOD SLIM AND TALL IN HER WHITE DRESS

CHAPTER II

THE story of Anne Elizabeth Smith, previous to the psychic instant before mentioned, was sufficiently commonplace. Her mother, never more than a vague though passionately-loved memory, was associated chiefly with the miniature of a sweet-faced, smiling woman, worn always at her neck. At uncertain intervals her father, a big, silent man, would ascend to the prim nursery on the third floor, and, setting his motherless daughter on his big knee, regard her attentively, kiss her solemnly and talk to her briefly in a deep, rumbling voice.

These memorable occasions meant even more to Anne than the miniature. Little passed in the way of words between the silent child and the silent man. A curious housemaid once surveyed the scene through a convenient keyhole. "Missy had been goin' on somethin' fierce that afternoon," said this individual, when reporting her experience to a fellow-servant. "Nurse told her as how she'd ought to be 'shamed of herself 'cause her angel Ma was a-watchin' of her from Heaven every minute. 'You're a person that tells lies,' says Missy; 'an' you'll have your part with dogs and sorcerers. It says so in the Bible. My Mamma *never* looks down on this nursery. If she did she couldn't keep from crying 'cause I'm so lonesome, and you know well enough that people don't cry in Heaven.'

"'I guess I'll have to call your Aunt Nugent,' says nurse. 'An' I don't care if you call fifty Aunt Nugents,' says Missy. With that she up and smashes her best doll on the fender—the one her aunt give her for Christmas—and stamps on the pieces. Nurse was that afraid of her that she sent me to call Mis' Nugent, an' *she* come an' took off her Ma's picture for a punishment. You could have heard Missy scream in the basement. Just then in comes her Pa, quiet and unexpected like, and turns us all out. 'I do *hope*,' says Mrs. Nugent, almost a-cryin', 'that you'll punish this naughty, naughty child as she deserves.' 'I will,' he says, and takes the picture from her an' hangs it back on Missy's neck. After that they set down, the two of 'em, afore the fire, not sayin' a word as I could hear. The next day Master give his orders that nobody was ever to touch the picture of Missy's mother again."

Subsequent interviews were not reported. They ceased altogether when Anne was fourteen. If the girl mourned the event which orphaned her no one in the big, gloomy house was the wiser for it. Mrs. Nugent, the distant relative on her mother's side, who had supposedly filled the maternal hiatus in the past, dutifully shed tears enough for two while complacently adjusting herself to her new and handsome mourning toilettes and the certainty of a comfortable future assured her by the provisions of the dead man's last will and testament.

Mrs. Nugent was a mild, billowy person, whose desires and ambitions were distinctly circumscribed by a cushioned chair, a silk gown of superior texture, a warm knitted shawl, a sweet, sad love-story and the tender breast of a young chicken properly cooked. She had always supposed herself to be permeated with the fondest maternal feelings for her young charge, and cherished a vague purpose of doing her duty by the child under all circumstances, however trying. She was an extremely religious woman of the variety which delights in devotional books of a sentimentally theological turn, and she piously thanked the Deity for all His many blessings, temporal and spiritual, with the most praiseworthy regularity.

Of the black-haired, gray-eyed girl, who was the more immediate source of the blessings in question, Mrs. Nugent was, by this time, quite frankly afraid. On the evening of the funeral, as the two sat together before the fire, certain uneasy stirrings in that portion of her comfortable structure set apart by the excellent Mrs. Nugent for the exclusive use of conscience informed her the time had come for a serious talk with the girl. "My dearest Annchen," she began accordingly, "the lawyers will have told you that you are a very rich girl." The good woman paused tentatively, but as Anne made no reply she proceeded in her gentle minor staccato: "I had no idea that your poor, dear papa was so wealthy a man. It will place a great responsibility on your young shoulders, my dear. Not that you will have the control of the property yet, of course; but it all comes to you when you are eighteen—much too young, I should have said, had your poor father consulted me, which he seldom did. I do hope, my dear Annchen, that you will remember quite particularly to

DR. AURILLA ROBINSON-COBB

kneel down every night by your bedside and repeat your prayers. I have ordered Jane to carry my best copy of Doctor Pilkington's Evening Reflections to your room. Do read in it regularly, my child. I shall feel far safer and more comfortable about your future if you promise me that much."

"I should like you to feel comfortable, Aunt Nugent," said the girl coldly. "But please don't call me Annchen again."

Mrs. Nugent's pink-lidded eyes dropped confusedly. "Your father sometimes called you Annchen," she faltered. "I hoped—I thought——"

Anne waited a dutiful length of time for the lady to finish her sentence, then she said quietly, "You thought I would like you to call me what father did; but you are mistaken. Thank you for the book, Aunt Nugent; if it will make you any happier I will read it. I think you are the only person in the world who cares at all what I do."

"Oh, no, my dear," twittered Mrs. Nugent, quite appeased; "there are the lawyers, you know, and the clergyman and his wife, and, oh, ever so many persons. With all your papa's money you will be quite an important person some day. And if you remember to repeat your prayers and to read dear Doctor Pilkington regularly I am sure you will grow up quite as you should."

Their subsequent intercourse never again fell into so intimate and personal a tone. The matter of the prayers was somehow definitely dropped then and there. And, try as she might, Mrs. Nugent had not been able to steer the conversation on to the subject of Doctor Pilkington's Evening Reflections. "I really must do my duty by the child," she told herself for the thousandth time, and dispatched her maid with an attractive blue and gold copy of Sermons to the Young for Miss Anne's table. Luckily, Mrs. Nugent had been led in her youth to place sincere confidence in what she was pleased to term "silent influence," and, inasmuch as the exercise of this potent function in no way interfered with the placid consumption of food and fiction, she found it, on the whole, the most convenient and desirable way of dealing with her young charge.

Anne Smith, therefore, pursued the tenor of her way with little active interference from without. She chose her own school and attended it regularly, exhibiting a surprising mixture of docility and stubbornness in her relations with her teachers which led them to label her rather dubiously as "a girl of character." Subsequently she graduated from a prominent university, where she attracted the least possible attention. Her work was always well though not brilliantly performed; for the rest she was simply a silent, observant onlooker, attracting few acquaintances and no real friends.

She realized this with a sickening shock on the day of her graduation, as she stared with frowning eyes at two costly baskets of flowers sent respectively by Mrs. Nugent and the firm of lawyers who managed the estate. "I am—different—some way," she told herself.

Mrs. Nugent was surprised and delighted with the more immediate effects of the higher education on her young charge, who now took her place as mistress of the great Smith mansion on Beacon Street.

"This house seems dull and gloomy, aunt," said Miss Anne on the day after her homecoming. "What can we do to make it look more like other people's houses?"

Mrs. Nugent sank into her favorite armchair before replying. "The house is very well furnished, my dear," she said plaintively, "and I have always found it very comfortable. I have kept it as nearly as possible just as your dear father and mother arranged it thirty-five years ago."

Anne Smith's brows contracted. "I shall not interfere with father's library—nor with your rooms," she said; "but I mean to make the rest of the place—different."

The general renovation and refurnishing which followed completely absorbed the young mistress of the house for several months. "Now I am going to have a party," she announced abruptly when all was finished.

"A party?" echoed Mrs. Nugent weakly. "Why, of course; how thoughtless of me. I have grown so accustomed to thinking you quite different from other girls, my love, that it never occurred to me that you —— A coming-out party, of course. But I know so few people, my dear; socially, I mean. You know I have not been going out of late. How shall we manage?"

"We shall manage very well," said Anne calmly. "I have asked Mrs. Taunton to give the invitations. The decorators and caterers will do the rest."

The party was said to be a success. A great many people came. "Quite the best people, too," observed Mrs. Nugent complacently. The flowers were superb, the music excellent and the supper-room lavish in its appointments. Anne Smith stood slim and tall in her white dress between her two chaperons and received her guests. She smiled determinedly on everybody while gripping her bouquet in an agony of shyness.

"I will *not* be different!" she told herself in her own room when everything was at last over. "Oh, *mother—mother—mother!*" A bit of painted ivory is a poor substitute for a living mother; but this particular fragment might well have been living by this time, so long had it lain over the girl's passionate heart.

The firm determination to be like other girls carried her through two seasons. Society received her, if not exactly with open arms, at least with complacence. Was she not a Smith of *the* Smiths, and did she not represent a solid power which the world has never yet despised? It was said of her at this time by divers individuals of judgment and discrimination that though Anne Smith was not in the least beautiful, nor even pretty, she possessed decided distinction of face and manner; that her gray eyes were undoubtedly her best feature, but it was a pity she had contracted the habit of appearing to look one through clear to the spinal column. "It was enough to give one the shivers, don't you know!" That she was too highly educated to ever be a society success; that she was utterly lacking in *savoir faire*; and, finally, that she was so "different" from other girls that she frightened the men.

Poor Anne! All these carping voices reached her inner consciousness with that unerring distinctness upon which scientific persons are actually beginning to count. "I am different," she at last confessed to the miniature; "and I can't help it." This after a ball, where she had spent the greater part of the evening trying to talk brightly to the elderly ladies and gentlemen who fringed the scene like the sober calyx of a gay blossom.

"Why aren't you dancing, my dear?" demanded a friend of her father's.

"Because nobody asked me," said honest Anne.

"Nobody asked you! Gad! what are our young men thinking of? If I were a bit younger I'd show 'em what a man of taste and sense ought to do without being told. Yes, by George, I would!"

In a subsequent interview with his son this indiscreet old gentleman still further endeavored to champion poor Anne's cause. "Do you know, young fellow, what that girl is worth in solid millions?" he demanded excitedly.

"Money isn't everything," quoth the sapient young man.

"Who said it was, sir?" thundered his father. "The girl has brains and education, and she's handsomer by half than that pink-faced chit you've been hanging about this winter."

"Do you mean that you want me to marry Anne Smith?"

"And if I do, why not, sir, I should like to know?"

"There is no reason at all, sir, except that I'm going to marry the pink-faced chit! I prefer 'chits' to icebergs myself."

Anne Smith was the very antipode of an iceberg, but how was the ordinary young man, poorly furnished with intuitional faculties, to find this out.

It was shortly after this, in a fit of sheer desperation, that she joined the Ontological Club, and began to attend Monday lectures and Tuesday classes and Thursday sewing-circles. About this time, also, the treasurers of various charitable boards and church benevolences began to receive large anonymous contributions. And all this brings us quite naturally to the hour when Anne Smith came home from the meeting of the Ontological Club, still feeling vaguely sore and discomfited.

There was a pasteboard box in her room when she entered it in the glowing winter twilight. The maid called her mistress' attention to it as she removed the wraps and lingered to stir the fire to a brighter glow. "The letter came with it, Miss Smith," said the girl, glancing curiously at her young lady who received so few letters and damp boxes bearing florist's names.

"I will look at it presently," said Anne absent-mindedly. "You are an American, are you not, Lizzie?"

"No, indeed, ma'am, I'm English," said the girl proudly. "I was born in America, to be sure, but I don't count that."

"You don't wish to count it, you mean," continued Anne, smiling faintly. "Are you quite happy here? I mean, do you like being out at service?"

The girl blushed. "I'm sure you've always been that kind to me, Miss Smith, I've nothing to complain of."

"I've tried to be kind," said Anne seriously, "but that isn't answering my question; do you like the work you are doing in my house, Lizzie? I wish you would be quite frank with me."

"I wouldn't be denyin' that everybody has their own troubles off and on, Miss," said the girl vaguely; "but they

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THE GOULD LINES

They Work in Their Shirt Sleeves and are Not Afraid of Drafts

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

IF THERE has been during the opening years of the present century a sensitive spot anywhere in the railroad situation of the United States it may properly be termed the Gould lines. If there be uneasiness to-day anywhere in the railroad body politic it will usually be found to concern itself with the Gould lines.

Not a deep study of railroad affairs is needed to explain why. The Gould lines are young, decidedly vigorous and openly aggressive. The head of the Gould lines is said to work much of the time with his coat off; he is young himself and not afraid of drafts. His roads, then, may be said to take their cue from their owner: in the railway world the Gould lines work in their shirt sleeves, and every once in a while the question bobs up, *what* will they do next?

Those that picture the railroad magnate a man of elegant leisure or of luxurious ease should follow the owner of the Gould lines through a week's work at his New York desk, or note the size of the bag of papers he takes every Friday night to his Lakewood home, or count the telegrams that he throws to an operator on each Monday morning for transmission at the various operating headquarters on his fifteen thousand miles of railroads. Every road in his system he knows intimately; steel rails were his business cradle; he began railway management when he was fifteen years old.

The hive of the Gould lines' activity is the old building on lower Broadway that has housed the Western Union interests for so many years. One hundred and ninety-five Broadway may not stand for much among modern office buildings, but it stands for a great deal in the railway world, and, to follow the figure of the hive, it gives at times uneasy moments to railway neighbors, particularly when they find Gould bees swarming in their back yards. Pictures suggest themselves of irate old railway gentlemen, their heads wrapped in mosquito netting and their hands encased in discarded gloves, beating dishpans vigorously to scare away the intruders and at times swearing roundly at people that *will* keep bees and will *not* keep them at home. What, then, are the Gould lines? And what do they stand for?

No railway combination in the United States is so loaded with strategic possibilities. A glance at their map shows their stronghold; it lies west of the Mississippi. In the corn belt the Wabash extends as far north as Des Moines and Council Bluffs in Iowa. The Missouri Pacific, though it pushes into only one corner of Nebraska, pushes into the best corner; but in Kansas it doubles and branches from end to end of the State until its map becomes, in a railway sense, paramount. To the Eastern public the Gould lines are hardly known. Even in Chicago they are known only at a distance: it is when one reaches St. Louis that the Gould lines are felt; in St. Louis they are very distinctly in the railway air. The Wabash shows strength in Illinois, and the Missouri Pacific meets it at the Mississippi with almost a dominant power in Missouri. From St. Louis, Gould lines run everywhere south and west. They thread the valleys of Arkansas, throw arms like rivers from side to side of the State of Louisiana, and spread in a teeming delta far out upon the plateaus of Texas. They lie under the snows of the forests of Michigan and they skirt the parching heat of the Staked Plain. The Missouri Pacific stretching across Kansas to Colorado meets the Denver and Rio Grande at Pueblo, and crossing the Rockies the Gould lines await the products of the irrigated valleys and climb high into the mining camps of Colorado and Utah.

GEORGE GOULD

From even so inadequate a sketch of their Western strength some idea may be had of what comes behind George Gould when he brings his lines into Pittsburg, for example, where he now is. No other railroad power in the United States that looks to the Atlantic seaboard has, up to this time, crossed the watershed of the Rockies; but George Gould is already at the Great Salt Lake, and water dripping from his rails finds its way into the Gulf of California. He is at Leadville above the Arkansas and his roads track the big river clear to its mouth and follow its waters to New Orleans. From Omaha he taps the Missouri River every traffic mile of the way till it mingles with the Mississippi, and the Mississippi, all the way from Keokuk in Iowa to its mouth, is hedged with Gould roads.

This is what gives the backing to the Gould system. Its mileage does not mean the densest traffic, for a division between New York and Philadelphia may stand for more business than a whole stretch of track across the State of Texas. But the history of the Eastern systems of railroads is made: that of the Gould roads is in the making. The territory that the Eastern roads cover is developed: the stronghold of the Gould lines is in its infancy. What, in another generation and in the hands of an equally able successor, may the Gould lines mean when to-day in farthest Texas they strike, with the Texas and Pacific, the waters of the Rio Grande at El Paso, find a powerful Gulf outlet at Galveston, and spreading thence north and east, not in a single track, but in doublings and battalions of tracks, find a harbor at Buffalo and a terminal at Pittsburg?

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by Mr. Spearman on the higher strategy of the great railways.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH RAMSEY, JR.
THE MAN THAT PUT THE WABASH INTO PITTSBURG

Nor is the Western end of their territory at present the most distinctive. So far as trunk lines from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic seaboard are concerned the situation is so in hand, the community of interests between Mr. Morgan, the Vanderbilts and the Pennsylvania so perfect, and the territory so covered, that new ventures in that field are to-day, with one exception, inconceivable.

The exception is the Gould lines. Far down in the western extremity of Maryland and among the northern passes of the Alleghanies in West Virginia little lines may be seen breaking out like mild eruptions, so to say, on the railway map. They spring up in red streaks and patches after morning telegrams in the New York papers noting changes in control, sales of short and unimportant lines in that territory, construction news concerning the leasing of coal lands. The dispatches are fugitive and scattered, but they have a common significance: they stand for George Gould blazing his trail to the Atlantic seaboard. From Pittsburg he is filling in the gaps that will put the Wabash into Baltimore. No cheap railroad there will serve; such a line, like the Pittsburg extension, must be of the best twentieth-century railroad construction, for the competition he then pits himself against is like the white heat of steel and as pitiless. Leaving out possibilities, such as Philadelphia and New York, not yet to be discussed below the fifth floor of 195 Broadway—consider where this definitely, and almost to-day, puts the Gould lines: At the Atlantic seaboard with a Baltimore terminal; at the Canadian boundary with a Buffalo terminal; at the traffic heart of the United States in Pittsburg; in the Lake Superior country with the Toledo and Ann Arbor, where Gould car-ferries await grain from the valley of the Red River of the North and command traffic in the iron and the copper countries; then in one tremendous sweep past New Orleans to Galveston on the Gulf of Mexico; still further to the very southernmost terminal in the United States, Laredo, Texas; and from there to within striking distance, at El Paso in Texas and at Ogden in Utah, of the Pacific Ocean.

Certainly, for those that cherish the thought of a day that will see one transcontinental trunk line, unbroken in control, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, here is material for dreams. On the other hand, the timorous, who look with alarm on the prospect of one man control in American railroads, will find compensation in the fact that for Mr. Gould working days cannot possibly grow forty-eight hours long and that Mr. Rockefeller, his partner, is advanced in years.

But the Gould lines to-day stand actually for so much that speculation as to their future may be spared. They stand for a line from Buffalo to Kansas City and from Omaha to New Orleans. They stand for a line from St. Louis to Ogden and from Pittsburg to El Paso. They stand for a line, with the Mexican National, from Chicago to the City of Mexico—and that the shortest line. They stand for a line from Denver to Pueblo, across Kansas, through the Indian Territory, with a wholly rebuilt, low-grade line down the Arkansas River and Valley to the Gulf ports. Gould lines are so thick from St. Louis to the mouth of the Mississippi that, where in the wisdom of rural legislators lines in competitive territory may not be officered by the same people, it is necessary to call in outside talent to man the operating staffs, and to the natives the sanguinary railroad spectacle is presented of Mr. Edwin Gould heading one line while Mr. George Gould manages the destinies of a fierce competitor.

Here, then, is a system of railways with traffic possibilities as big almost as the country itself. It is not quite ideal as to composition: no system that has been built up line by line as opportunity of purchase or lease offered can be. It certainly is in many portions far from Mr. Gould's ideal as to physical condition: these are the accidents of empire-building without unlimited resources. What should be marked is that the later additions to the Gould system are of a class wholly different from the earlier. In order to get something he does need in the way of a link or a feeder, a railroad operator in building up often finds it necessary to buy something he does not in the least need. There are always Jim Crow branches in a railroad group that are hard to fit in anywhere as earners, and on which it seems like letting blood to spend money, and though with every tide of business prosperity in the country the railroads all get a lift, the day for picking up good things on the railroad bargain-counter has largely gone by, and the big operators to-day are busy dusting up and polishing their antiques. What they need now is usually something that cannot be bought—lines to round out adequately their present holdings and to increase their earning power. Such needs are too definite to be served by picking up stray pieces of track, could they be had. The time has come when for these purposes links or extensions must be built, and any railroad built to-day must be built within certain definite limits as to grades and curves, or it cannot earn money. The example of what George Gould has done in modern construction in getting into Pittsburg has already been noted in this magazine. In Pittsburg last year his chief of construction checked out $12,000,000 of Gould money, placed to his private credit, so fast that he felt a personal shock in the celerity of the operation. While this was going on Gould funds were being poured out in a stream west of the Mississippi. To avoid the terminal crush at St. Louis Gould is completing from East St. Louis a new line to the Gulf with maximum grades of three-tenths per cent., easy curves and an eighty-five-pound rail. This means St. Louis to New Orleans and Galveston, and with the strongest line in the field.

EDWARD T. JEFFERY
PRESIDENT OF THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD AND MR. GOULD'S "RIGHT-HAND MAN"

Down the valley of the Arkansas millions of dollars have been spent in rebuilding completely the track in the Little Rock and Fort Smith territory, making it low-grade and equipping it for the exactions of heavy tonnage to strengthen the big link from the Rockies to the Gulf. From the Ozarks in Missouri Mr. Gould is building down the White River another low-grade line that will not only supply the shortest line from Kansas City and Missouri River points to Memphis and New Orleans but will open up a new territory described as "magnificent."

In the building up of any great system of railways ambition may to a certain point be the chief factor; beyond that it becomes self-preservation. The acquiring of additional lines is in the end a necessity to provide outlets for traffic originating in one's own territory or to secure feeders that will supply material needed by its industries. Railroad operators are forced at times to take over competing lines that assume the attitude of blackmailers; roads have been built with precisely such ends in view. In this way any system is liable to acquire more or less dead wood, the only salvation for such investments lying in the ever-growing needs of the country for transportation facilities, so that ultimately the least useful division takes its place acceptably in the activities of the system.

In this way, too, it is a fact, and at times a serious one, that there comes about in railroad consolidation a wasteful competition between different lines belonging to the same interests. This view of it assumes nothing more than that public interests require not only reasonable rates but stable rates, and when, whether through secret rebates or the reduction of an open tariff to a point below a legitimate operating profit, a road cannot make money, it is in the end the public that suffers.

Of equal disadvantage to public interests is the policy sometimes followed by the traffic manager of a small line in a system, who, in order to make a showing for his own road, so refuses to interchange traffic with foreign lines as to be in a state of war with his neighbors. He may, for instance, refuse to let traffic go off his line except by the longest way, making prohibitive rates the short way, always delaying traffic movement if nothing worse. He may in this manner make the whole system of which he is a small part suffer even in the interchange of traffic between component lines. Few systems have not felt the waste and disadvantage caused by the tendency of each manager to consult his own interests and let the system look out for itself. A system so situated becomes a house divided against itself; stockholders suffer in earnings and shippers' interests suffer through neglect, because every economy in operating expense and in time tends ultimately to benefit the public.

To meet this difficulty and to insure internal harmony in the affairs of the different American railroad combinations a new American railroad official has been called into being. He is so new that as yet no quite satisfactory title has been found for him, but there are to-day in the United States four such men who may be termed chief traffic officers: they are Mr. Bird of the Gould lines, Mr. Darius Miller of the Hill lines, Mr. Stubbs of the Harriman lines, and Mr. Winchell of the Rock Island lines. Their official titles may vary somewhat: Mr. Bird is vice-president of the Gould lines; Mr. Miller is vice-president of the Burlington road; Mr. Stubbs is traffic director of the Harriman lines, and Mr. Winchell is third vice-president of the Rock Island system.

Heading the departments of traffic, they may be termed traffic directors. As to their authority they are actually traffic presidents, in that their powers, as arbiters of traffic between the various lines in their combinations as well as over all, are plenary. In the judicial aspect of their railroad systems they are traffic supreme courts, umpires from whose word there lies practically no appeal, or from whom an appeal if lodged must lie directly with Mr. Gould, Mr. Harriman or Mr. Hill.

The authority of a man so placed is of extraordinary scope. Upon his dictates depends the entire income of his system. Nor is his system the only party with vital interests lodged in his hands, for it comes almost as a shock to reflect that to-day—if we include one other great traffic officer, Mr. Morton, of the Santa Fé—it may be said that in the whole vast empire west of the Missouri River the making and unmaking of every rate is in the hands of five men. Considered rightly, however, rather than being an occasion for alarm, it is a substantial guarantee to the shipping interests of that territory that not only reasonable but stable rates will prevail. With this nearest approach to one-man power in

A. C. BIRD
VICE-PRESIDENT AND CHIEF TRAFFIC OFFICER OF THE GOULD LINES

trans-Missouri territory that will probably be seen in this generation there still remains so great a diversity of interests between the roads themselves, as well as the territories they serve, that very keen though conservative and businesslike competition must long continue to exist as it does to-day; and people of Washington and Oregon will know that they have in Mr. Hill a vigilant railroad operator to look out for their traffic development, while Southern California will realize that the Santa Fé and the Gould and the Harriman lines will not let them suffer in the struggle to get their share of national commerce. Shippers under such a congress of traffic chiefs are safer than they would be under twenty-five traffic managers operating for periods by means of secret manipulations and breaking at other times into rate wars.

In the work of these men, who for our purpose may be called the traffic presidents of these railroad groups, lie requirements of the highest intelligence, the widest acquaintance with public needs and the broadest views on questions of transportation and the development of local industries. To the traffic chief his system must look for elimination of waste, whether of time in the best routing of traffic or of money in unnecessary transfers and rehandling. He must determine when a rate reduction becomes profitable and when an advance becomes necessary. Before him must be adjusted the rival contentions of subordinate managers in his own railway family, and he must keep his group of roads as a unit on terms of fair dealing with foreign roads.

The results already shown in this idea of unifying traffic management are material. In the matter of interchange of loaded cars alone, between connecting lines of a system, the new plan of management has more than justified itself. When a road in a system lets its loaded cars go unreservedly to other roads under the same ownership the record usually is that they go to a "graveyard." On the Gould lines the Missouri Pacific, under the old traffic conditions, as a measure of self-defense unloaded its eastbound cars at its St. Louis terminal and the Wabash reloaded the through freight there into its own cars. This entailed an expense of two dollars on every car of freight rehandled. Let it be said, however mistaken the idea, that because such a charge is absorbed by the railways this cost the shipper nothing: of greater consequence is the delay that the rehandling at overcrowded terminals involves. This and like wastes of time, labor and money it is the business of a traffic chief to do away with.

To take an example, not because especially noteworthy in magnitude or novelty but because it is explicit in the interchange of traffic on one railway system, the two roads last named interchanged on the twelfth of November, 1903, 1277 loaded cars. The transferring of the freight being done away with, those 1277 loads wholly escaped the deadly delays of terminal warehouse handling and were sent by a Belt Line as originally loaded from the one road to the other. Nor did the car equipment of either road suffer in the operation. By the simple clearing-house expedient of compelling each road to make good every day its debit balance of cars, loaded or empty, the equipment of each is kept at all times unimpaired. If the Wabash gets a thousand loaded cars from the Missouri Pacific it must surrender that day in return one thousand loads or empties. On the day instanced the transfer of 1277 cars between only two lines of one system saved an unnecessary loading expense of $2554. Applied to one day's freight transfers over all the United States the sum involved would be staggering; but this is only one of many ways in which a director of traffic makes himself felt. He sometimes finds one of his small lines routing freight in a roundabout and slow way in order to get the whole haul; but a chief traffic officer with more judgment requires that freight shall go by the quickest route and, in not unknown instances, even when this means that a portion of the haul must be given to a foreign line. Prompt service is put first.

Such instances afford just a glimpse of a broader viewpoint in railway management—a viewpoint better in the end for stockholders and owners as well as for public interests—that is making itself everywhere felt in railway affairs in this country. The evolution of good railway management has seemed slow and has been attended by many abuses—though not more than have accompanied the development of any great modern institution, industrial or political. To-day there is less abuse in railway management than there has been in the history of railroading, and the elimination of much of it has been made possible only by making the systems bigger as the country grows bigger. Railway men realize that their properties are always at the mercy of the people. Public interests may always be safeguarded at Washington by intelligent Federal legislation; all that railroad men ask is that it be intelligent. At present the traffic officer who makes the rates finds himself hampered by enactments, State and Federal, so contradictory that they make it difficult to do justice to any interest.

It is not always, it should be marked, the raising of a rate that makes trouble: the lowering of one is frequently productive, in disturbing the delicate adjustment of traffic movement, of no end of trouble. Shippers, however, are getting closer to railways in reconciling differences of opinion between them; they are learning that nothing is less satisfactory than a traffic lawsuit. Between the man that sells transportation and the man that buys there must constantly arise differences in view. The railways in the Northwest at one time reduced the seaboard rates on grain till the Northwestern millers saw the ruin of their flour business impending. They determined to fight for their existence as millers and appealed to a great traffic expert on the Vanderbilt lines, Grammer, of the Lake Shore, to help them get up their case for the Interstate Commerce Commission. Captain Grammer heard attentively and answered with a suggestion. He instanced the famous hay cases before the Commission, the unending wrangle and delay, and said: "Why not prepare your case and appeal with it not to a Federal tribunal but directly to your railroads themselves? And I will help you to draw your briefs." They saw the advice was good and took it, and were rewarded with a satisfactory adjustment of their difficulties.

The matter, too, of raising a traffic rate, even when circumstances equitably and justly call for such action, has become well-nigh impracticable, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has come to believe that the sole reason for its existence is to lower rates. Under such conditions a traffic officer will not undertake the responsibility of lowering a rate, even when he feels it might safely be done, because he knows that once put down—to relieve a situation or develop a new industry—he should never be able to restore it.

In the face of such conditions everything that railways buy, whether of labor or equipment, has within five years materially increased in cost, while rates have never kept pace with the advances. All ingenuity in traffic management is thus reduced to economy in distributing and collecting commodity movement. Further help must come from saving in the operating departments, and the great combinations as they now stand are reducing this feature to a science that must excite the admiration of business men. While paying ever higher wages to labor, the railroads manage to get a better consumption of coal in the firebox, to put more tractive power into the drivers, to secure an increasing percentage of tonnage to dead-weight in the carload, and to reduce grades and curves for the freight trains.

The very difficulties with which railways are to-day beset serve, it would appear, to bring out capability, ingenuity and resource, and in all the activities of the every-day movement to these ends the Gould lines, in their shirt sleeves, are markedly busy.

The Big Four in Washington Diplomacy

The Russian and English Ambassadors, the Chinese and Japanese Ministers

By Alfred Henry Lewis

BY VIRTUE of what sod-pawing and horn-tossing now agitates the Orient, those Legation gentlemen most to fill the Washington eye represent respectively Russia, England, China and Japan. Perhaps I should to this roster add the Koreans, with their flowing gowns, their fans and fly-trap hats. The Russians and Japanese, as principal figures, excite a keenest contemplation, the English coming second, being included as silent partners of the Japanese; while, of a third interest, the Chinese and Koreans occur in the picture as ones whose countries and the pillage of them provide basis of dispute. With China and Korea out of the argument there could be no clash. The situation would become preposterous, like a dog fight and no bone. As it is, however, gossip builds high upon these Oriental tangles, while the powers of offense and defense on the warlike parts of Russia and Japan, and the further questions of What will England do? and What will happen to China and Korea? find exhaustive if not intelligent debate.

The common condition of Washington being one of idleness, the common trait is that of an insatiable curiosity. Here dwells nothing but government—government being the only product of the place. There are no foundries, no manufactories, no commerce—at least, not to any speakable extent. The one thing ground at the mills is wholly and particularly government. The situation invites none to labor more than six hours of the twenty-four. Also, the term "labor" carries only one-third of that weight which belongs to it elsewhere. Wherefore, even the most lowly of the citizenry has time enough to settle the more perplexing concerns of the world, and he usually devotes it to that excellent end.

Nor is he abashed by any insignificance of his personal estate. A proper sense of self-importance would seem to grow with every downward step in the official list, until at the foot of the ladder any number you please may be discovered who, like him of twenty years ago, are each and every one a "bigger man than old Grant."

This stubbornness of exaltation which here finds life in humble places should not prove to be the problem impregnable. Familiarity does not breed contempt: it breeds conceit. Those who dwell close in to the hub of history, and even though they build departmental fires or empty departmental waste-baskets, from nearness of contact and a daily perusal of your truly great as the latter trudge forth for luncheon or return from that regale, wax in esteem of themselves. The least, not to say the most modest, thinks finally that he beholds the government in every mirror into which he peers. Being ripely in favor with himself, and of that leisure and its consequence of curiosity that I have detailed, your true Capitolian bends dauntlessly to the disposal of every destiny, whether that of a nation, or a President, or a cabineteer, or a high diplomat, down to the fate of what policeman thumps the pave of midnight with his echoing club.

During two days I have given myself to visual estimates of the ambassadors and the ministers from those four great countries. This was no baffling task. I might have performed it at a White House reception. Even a diligent waiting about the streets or the State Department would have brought success. Washington is a small place; if one but plant himself on some corner the odds are he may review the entire town before the sun goes down.

Yes, I think my scheme a good one. A deal can be decided by merely reading folk in form and feature. One need not follow a man a year, nor explore his caves of motive, to tell his story. Cæsar knew this when he spoke of the lean and hungry Cassius and called for fat, sleek men who slept of nights. The same thought was with my friend Terrapin Tom Murray, he who cooked, as he picked terrapin for his purpose by a study of their countenances. Mr. Murray accepted only those reptiles whose round, benevolent faces spoke of sweet tranquillities and a heart at peaceful ease, rejecting others whose flattened, serpent heads told of pessimisms and those hateful soul disturbances that embitter even a terrapin. Mr. Murray declared that the latter were unfit for food, and should rank with poisons.

Possibly it would have been better had I made a closer study and called personally upon these gentry. If I had done so, however, it would have collided with my natural bashfulness which abhors a foreground. And there be other reasons. One should never seek out great personages until made sure by their performances that one should give them one's support.

This is not hauteur, but caution.

"When I was in Congress," said Colonel Morrison, "I found that I was not great enough as a statesman to eat a man's dinner and drink his wine and scratch the varnish off his table with my heels and then vote against his bill. There are statesmen great enough to do these things, but I was not one. In brief, I was so weak that if I couldn't vote for a man's bill I couldn't eat his dinner. I must keep as far from that individual as the limits of Washington life would allow."

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of papers by Mr. Lewis on immediate aspects of national politics.

Colonel Morrison is one of many. There be men who pass for folk of implacable independence. They have honesty; they have courage. They are not to be frightened by station, nor cowed by power, nor made weak when Money lays its frown upon them.

And yet these Spartans can be flattered. That is the picket off their palings, the shingle off their roof. They are but snobs; and they differ from snobs who fawn only by being snobs in a state of revolt. That is it; they are snobs who have mutinied. If one but flatter them a little the crest which would not have yielded to a threat and could not have been allayed with a bargain sinks into submission—falls before the wooing touch of flattery.

The best one may say of me is that I'm of this feeble flock. For me to call upon the great might come with the adhesive last of it to be no other than a call upon the fly-paper by the fly. It is wiser, when one knows how frail be his defenses and how open lies his soul to the arts of bunco, to save himself afar from such temptation. Those who will buy any gold-brick that comes wrapped in a compliment must, as did Ulysses, guard himself from sirens.

And this, mind you, is to defend my skirts for that I did not in person search out Sir Cheng, of the Chinese, Count Cassini, of the Russians, Mr. Takahira, of the Japanese, and Sir Mortimer Durand, of the English. Besides, you are not to forget that I brought to my shoulder those views and knowledges and findings concerning the quartette to be considered which Washington itself possessed. Washington talks freely the secrets of every one save itself; I met no lions of reticence in my path.

The Accomplished Cassini

NO ONE holds a whiter place in popular report than Count Cassini, of the Russians; and if my conclusion be worth a chronicle I should say it was his right. I name Count Cassini earliest because, from what one may hear or see or upturn with questioning pick, he stands first at the Capital among foreign diplomats.

There are two schools of diplomatists: the ancient and the modern, or, if you like it, the little and the big. The little, purblind school, clinging to definitions which obtained when an ambassador was half a hostage, half a spy, holds with Wotton that your envoy is an honest man sent abroad to cheat for his country. He is to be the eye and the ear of his sovereign, ever peering, ever listening. He should never speak and always lie. Count Cassini, in his wisdom and his integrity, does not reply to this description.

In age Count Cassini is beyond the summer and verging into frost. He is of a kempt, groomed look that speaks for his tailor and his valet; also, he has a keen eye, and is given to long, affable silences. His education was in Italy and in France as well as at Moscow and St. Petersburg; and if one, by grinding and by polish, may gain fineness and a feather edge they were Count Cassini's long ago. He speaks fairly every language of Europe, and he knows the courts and the policies of every country on the map.

That Count Cassini is a master of languages is not so strange when one recalls that he is Russian. Every Russian seems born to all languages, and I have sometimes thought that this was by force of a necessity. I decided, after listening to five minutes of unalloyed Russian, that, in order to speak it, one would have to learn every other language first. It is a difficult far station on the trail of tongues, is your Russian, and he who seeks it must pass through other tongues, just as one must pass through Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore who seeks Washington from New York. No man steps from his proper native tongue to Russian; they are not such near neighbors as that. As was said, even the Russian himself seems born many long leagues from his own language, and attains it only via English, and French, and Spanish, and German, and Italian, and Greek, and what other little languages and dialects may lie between. By the way, there is one earmark by which you may know a Russian diplomat. He never speaks of Russia; he calls it "Petersburg."

Just now, by stress of that caution which diplomacy imposes upon its practitioners, both Count Cassini and Mr. Takahira, of the Japanese, are deeply avoided by fellow-diplomats from other countries than their own. When two countries fall to a bicker their Legation people are held at formal distances by those of other nations. One sees this at its icy best in the Metropolitan Club, which is a local parade-ground for diplomats. This is the idea: If England were to get tiffed at Germany the men of the two countries would keep the length of the club between them while the tiff prevailed. Those from other countries would hold respectfully aloof from both. Because of small suspicions and a genius to make mountains of molehills, which are the property of and enter deeply into the lives of European courts, if under the circumstances supposed one of the French were to drink a glass of wine with the English it would have a sombre construction in Berlin, and become the argument, mayhap, that mobilized an army corps within javelin distance of France.

This notion has no mighty foothold with Americans. To-day the Americans carry themselves as pleasantly free with Russian and with Japanese as in any hour of mildest peace and before Manchuria was mentioned. Nor do Europeans deduce from this freedom in the American case what they would if he were one of themselves. Diplomacy has never been acute with us. That was due to a careless hardihood belonging with the American disposition; the safe, ocean-protected position we enjoy; and a congenital resentment of suppressions, circumlocutions, hypocrisies and all red tape. The American tells much truth, while he believes few lies; he declines to deceive or be deceived. The Europeans and the Asians within our gates have found this out, and they trust us while distrusting every other.

There exists in history an amiable truth which we of America would seem constantly to forget. From our cradle Russia alone of the countries has been ever and consistently our friend—not that we have put the sentiment to any strain of test. For all that, we stand always on the threshold of injustice to Russia in our hearts. We get our prejudices from England as we get our fashions from France. Since ever the English, looking out from India, saw the North Star shining through the Khaibar Pass, they have waited apprehensively for a day when the Russians, bent on Indian conquest, would pour down upon them through that gash in the hills. The English have feared the Russians for a century; and what one fears one hates. We, without the fear, have half accepted this English hate for Russia, without pausing to determine either its justice or its propriety. We take it in with our literature. Kipling—than whom no one has more left his traces upon the American mind—with a partisanship which, being English, does him proud, says of the Russian that he was a splendid character until he tucked his shirt into his trousers and began to talk of himself as the most Eastern of Western peoples rather than the most Western of Eastern peoples. And then he tells a thrilling story, the incident whereof is the Russian, painted as everything that is sly, and ferocious, and deceitful, and indomitably cruel. This is natural to an English pen. But he of America would be both witless and unjust who gulped it down like spring water and, while wanting an English reason, still made the English estimate his own.

Sir Mortimer Durand, of the British, is typical of his people. He is a son of Anak and towers among his fellows. Also, he is as wide as a Goth across the shoulders.

Sir Mortimer has had no lengthened stay among us, and therefore owns no Washington past from which to infer his character of man. His appearance, however, gratifies that thick, red-faced, beefy impression of stolidity and a dogged dullness that goes with the Englishman of theory. He seems equipped to carry forth the English policy announced by the elder Pitt, who said, "No gun shall be fired anywhere on earth without England knowing why."

Diplomacy a Woman's Work

ENGLAND has title to her own Washington Legation house. And Sir Mortimer possesses those aids to successful diplomacy, a good cook and a good cellar. Count Cassini matches him in both of these great attributes. Moreover, and beyond rivalry, Count Cassini has a niece, beautiful, witty and discreet, who gleams a star of the drawing-rooms and is equal to pouring teas or planting policies where they should do the most Russian good. No diplomat accomplishes much for his country in a foreign capital, and least in Washington. What little he does must needs be of cloudy, filmy, cobweb kind, and the best he may forward is the creation of a friendly feeling toward his country. Thus, diplomacy is woman's work at last. The worth to Russia of the niece of Count Cassini cannot be guessed in ink.

No, there abides no chance of even a slight alliance between this country and either Russia, or England, or China, or Japan. If either of them have entertained such dreams they were long ago dissolved. Once I put the question to Mr. Gresham of an alliance between this nation and Russia. It was based upon a story that had been told in a St. Petersburg dispatch. Mr. Gresham turned a deprecatory glance my way.

"You know too much to ask that question," said he.

"Once," I replied, "I knew too much; it was when I came here. That day has gone by. In the ignorance that three years of Washington have taught me, I'm obliged to ask every question."

"Well, then," said Mr. Gresham, who felt the reasonableness of my thickness when once I gave its grounds, "neither you, nor your children, nor yet their children after them will ever see this nation in alliance for offense or defense with any other. Our policy is the policy of the lone hand. We shall always come and go by our own clock."

Mr. Gresham put the case correctly. Russia and Japan might war and England take a part; we to the end should be neutral. Nor would one of the troubled nations think of inviting us to assume another attitude.

There is a rôle that they save for us: the rôle of peace-maker. When the times require oil upon the storm-tossed waters, and whether at the beginning or the ending of a war, both Europe and Asia come to us. Not one but would come more quickly to us than to any other that owns a flag. We have fewer irons of intrigue in the fire, and fewer designs that run counter to either their policies or their interests. Likewise, they have broadest confidence in our word, and trust us when trusting nowhere else. This pose of reliance is peculiarly true of China and Japan.

Mr. Takahira, of the Japanese, is a dark, anxious, little man. There is a firm, clean dignity to the Japanese; they furnish the thought of decision added to justice. Still, it would be strange if a present stress did not lend a worry to usurp the face of Mr. Takahira—a worry from which the brows of Count Cassini should escape. Russia and Japan in collision may spell the ruin of Japan; given a worst ending, it can mean no more than a repulse for Russia. In Washington, however, rumor discovers no vast final peril in the pathway of Japan. England is behind her—so say diplomats and common folk alike—and will always save her out of the fire if for no more generous reason than just to save herself.

Sir Cheng's Four-Bagger

WITH perhaps more argument for gloom than has any other, one counts few shadows on the moonlike face of Sir Cheng, of China. To me it has always appeared—I've watched them throughout a decade—as though the Chinese in Washington had the happiest life of all. The Russian is courteous without being patronizing; the Englishman is solidly dignified, with a touch of the air of one who travels down some long, ungracious hill to meet us; the Japanese is a prince of self-respecting, reticent propriety; but the Chinaman comes expansively among us, beamingly to please and to be pleased.

Sir Cheng, more than did his predecessors, knows about America. He was educated in our colleges and waved a terrific bat at baseball. He tells with satisfaction of a day when in the ninth, with three men on bases, he swatted the sphere for a four-bagger and brought home victory. Sir Cheng is a globular personage, and on field days, or when a White House reception is abroad, he tames the peacock with his brocade splendors.

There is a matter which, in the light of recent involvements, should gain mention. Count Cassini and Sir Mortimer are ambassadors; Mr. Takahira and Sir Cheng have the lowlier estate of ministers. Since there comes little of moment to employ their time, diplomats inevitably make a hubbub over precedence. This ever and anon sets some weak American head to buzzing with a precedental bee.

Following England—it was the late Queen who settled it—other nations make up their court processions so that ambassadors tread on the royal hocks of Princes, while mere ministers must wait until the purple file goes by them to the point where dukes break in. Ministers follow dukes, and a duke, mind you, is, after all, no giant potato in the noble hill. He is weeks, nay months, to the rear of royal Princes, and ministers, who come behind him, suffer sundry impolite disadvantages.

There is King worship and Court worship sleeping in the American blood. Since it works itself into excitement concerning who goes first, I would here suggest the precedence for this season. At least the hint should have five months of wear and tear in it.

Royal Princes precede ambassadors because in a one-two-three order they are heirs to the throne. We have no throne, and can

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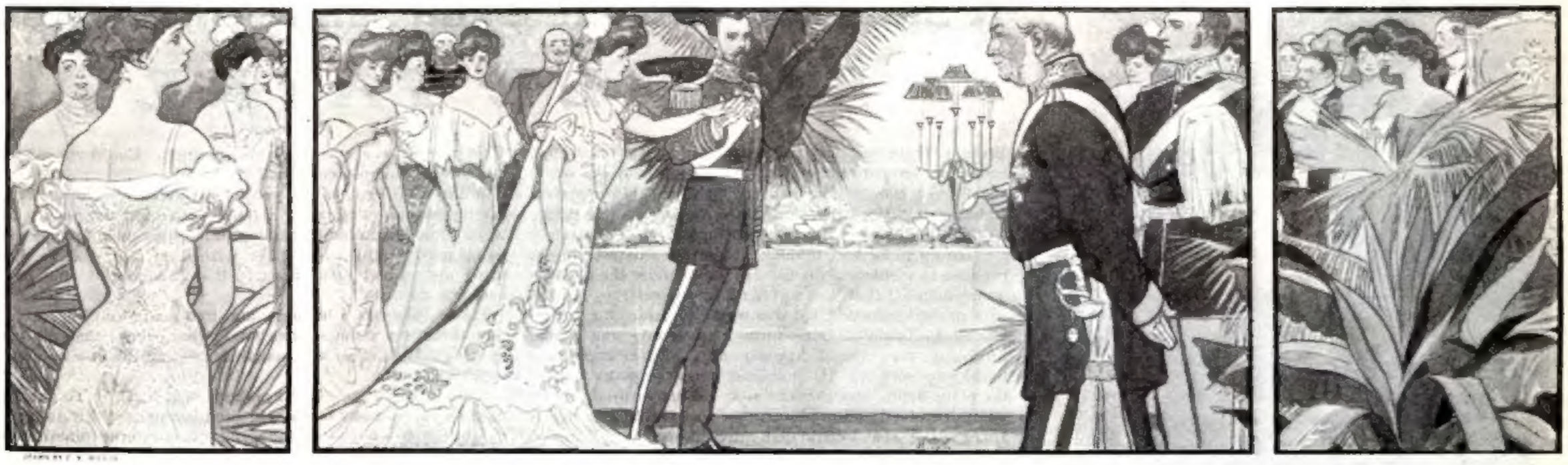
COURT LIFE IN RUSSIA



By Charles Emory Smith

Formerly United States Minister to Russia

GO TO the Russian capital by any other route than the Baltic and you traverse hundreds of miles of immense, dreary, uninteresting plains. There are no beautiful and smiling landscapes. There are no attractive and animated rural scenes. Here and there is a cluster of log houses, and, at rare intervals, a larger town. In each group the only striking object is the white stucco church in the form of the Greek cross with its green pineapple dome. Hour after hour you ride along the dull, dead, monotonous level with an occasional unkempt moujik in his unsavory sheepskin, or a stolid sentinel pacing his steady beat at the station.

Suddenly the great golden dome of St. Isaac towers above everything else in the near distance, glistening in the bright sunlight, and without any premonition you are in the stately metropolis. In a moment, with no intermediate stage, you pass from the country to the city. Russia is a vast and sombre expanse, but St. Petersburg is a gay and showy capital. No contrast could be more striking than that between the dullness of the endless plains and the glitter of the splendid city. The enormous area and the sodden peasantry represent the sheer force of magnitude and multitude, and the imposing grandeur of the capital represents the concentrated power of the mighty empire.

St. Petersburg is at once Russian and cosmopolitan. It is not as characteristic as Moscow, which, with its green roofs, its numerous churches, its picturesque towers, its vast, conglomerate Kremlin, its fantastic Vasilii the Beatified, its dominance of the national garb, its conspicuous Byzantine architecture, and its strong Tartar note, is the typical Russian city. The newer capital has less of the Oriental and more of the general European air.

The Broadway of St. Petersburg

WITH its broad streets, its many squares and parks, its wide, noble river, and its concentric canals, the city is open and airy. In the summer it has a little of the suggestion of a northern Venice, with the puffing naphtha launch in place of the gliding gondola. In the winter, with sleighing from November to April and with the surface kept so even and compact that it is equally easy to go on wheels or on runners—the only great city that, from the force of necessity, knows how to take care of snow—it is a scene of intense animation. The Nevskoi Prospekt, stretching in a straight line two miles from the Admiralty to the Moscow station and then, with a turn, a mile farther, as wide as three Broadways in one, lined with imposing structures, and always full of life, is one of the great avenues of the world. The Neva Embankment or quay, fronting the clear, beautiful river for three miles, and leaving commerce only the opposite side and lower section near the Gulf of Finland, is the favorite and unequaled place of residence.

The streets are full of life and color and gayety. The little droshkies, which seem like Tom Thumb vehicles, in which two persons squeeze with difficulty, are everywhere. The small, scraggy horses under their douga or yoke match the conveyance, and the full-haired istvostchik, with his cornered plug and the long blue caftan covering his entire figure like a monk's robe, is the only considerable part of the equipment. The private establishments are far finer. Instead of the little, rugged ponies are the magnificent, black, gazelle-eyed Orloffs. The fat, padded driver with his rich velvet pincushion cap suggests the prosperity of his master. As they dash through the streets with their bright red, green or blue snow nets stretching from the heads of the horses over the front of the sledge and down to the ground, they make a vivid picture of spirit and color. The sleigh bell is never heard, and in the swift and noiseless drive the pedestrian must look out for himself. Occasionally the picturesque troika is seen with the high-headed Orloff in the centre and his two curved-necked and prancing mates on either side. Now and then a battalion of Cossacks trots by, and in severe weather the flaming braziers around which the istvostchiks gather to warm themselves add to the animation of the streets.

The Noblest Palace in Europe

THE public structures of St. Petersburg are diversified—some of them impressive and some of them suggesting an earlier and cruder period. The Winter Palace, taken altogether, is the finest in Europe. There are two or three great halls, like the throne-room and St. Andrew's Hall, in the Kremlin, at Moscow, which are unequaled, and the bewildering riches of jewels and robes, arms and carriages in the treasury of the old capital, the lavish gifts of Tartar and Oriental princes, are unmatched. But in its completeness the Winter Palace is unrivaled. Its spacious proportions have at times housed many thousands, and its ample walls are covered with paintings portraying the history of the empire and with the gold plate on which many municipalities have conveyed bread and salt to various monarchs.

The Hermitage, which is a modern edifice of stately staircases and grand corridors, follows closely after the chief galleries of art in Europe. It is naturally strong in examples of Russian art, and most of the schools are well represented. It has the finest collection of Murillos outside of Spain and of Rembrandts outside of Holland. The cathedral of St. Isaac, with its malachite and lapis-lazuli, its wonderful figured bronze doors, its colossal monolithic columns of Finnish granite, surmounted by the golden dome which gleams like the sun over the city and surroundings, is exceedingly impressive in its simple grandeur. The striking equestrian statue of Peter the Great rearing over the serpent on the rough boulder, the more ornate and less effective pedestal of Nicholas, the majestic Alexander shaft facing the Winter Palace on the one hand and the buildings of the general staff on the other, all add to the picturesque features of the capital.

The Russian court is the most brilliant in the world. The court of Vienna has more of a certain kind of hauteur and pretension, but the court of St. Petersburg is the most gorgeous as well as the most gracious and graceful. It has a finer art and a more generous hospitality. Its refined air and its polished perfection might well be envied and emulated in capitals of higher civilization. Though the Emperor gives a reception on the Russian New Year the season really opens with the blessing of the Neva, six days later. It is a ceremonial of religious significance and social demonstration. In the improvised pavilion on the embankment of the river appear the Emperor and the Metropolitan with the great dignitaries of the hierarchy of Church and State, the splendid columns of helmeted and plumed Chevalier Guards at rest, tens of thousands of respectful spectators just beyond the lines, and all the court looking on from the windows of the Winter Palace. I have seen the Czar standing for twenty minutes with bared head in a temperature of zero while, where the thick ice had been cut away for the purpose, the blessing of the waters in token of baptism proceeded.

The Emperor and Empress usually give five court balls during the season. The first embraces all who have any title to recognition, and counts about three thousand guests. The second includes something less than two thousand, and the number is reduced with each successive ball until the fifth is limited literally to St. Petersburg's "four hundred," or possibly five hundred. This last is given in the Hermitage—not in the art gallery, but in the adjacent part of the Winter Palace which bears that name. It includes the favorite apartments of the great Catherine, and amid luxurious surroundings it presents an exquisite scene. The first ball with its large numbers is a glittering spectacle. The showy uniforms and the gorgeous gowns make it resplendent in color, while the mazes of the national mazurka and the picture of the grand promenade give it the poetry of motion.

The surprise comes at the banquet. At the court balls in London and other capitals the guests, though much less numerous, stand in crowded masses at the limited tables. At the Winter Palace, even with three thousand guests, all sit in comfort at the orderly and splendid feast. No service could be more perfect. The Czar is there more as host than as Emperor. He leads the Empress to the place of honor at the Imperial table, but has no seat there himself. Nor has any male member of the Imperial family. That table is reserved for the Czarina and the Grand Duchesses, the ambassadors and the high functionaries of the court. Instead of immediately seating himself, the Czar, after placing the Czarina, moves about among the company to see that all his guests receive full attention, and then when the regular courses begin, with the hundreds of scarlet-liveried servants, he takes any seat that may chance to be vacant, usually among his Russian entourage.

The Blessing of the Neva

THERE are no drawing-rooms as in London. Presentations at court are made at the balls when the Czar as he first enters passes along the diplomatic circle, talking for a moment with each chief of mission and greeting any guest for whose introduction permission may have been secured. This form of presentation has a fine air of hospitality and offers the opportunity of a brief conversation. What impresses the observer is the finished courtesy and grace, the thorough breeding, which distinguish every social function. The Czar knows all the details. When permission was sought only the day before for a visitor to witness the blessing of the Neva from the Winter Palace the answer came in the early morning with the apology that the request reached the Czar only at midnight, and the visitor was made his guest. It is only at the great special ceremonials, like the coronation, or a wedding, or a baptism, that the court costume is worn, and the sumptuous crimson velvet robes, with all their accompaniments, do not often appear.

It is widely supposed that the Czar never goes forth without a guard. This is an error. He often drives through the streets with no attendant but the coachman. Most people of rank go with a coachman and footman. I have seen the Czar in his sledge without a footman and no one near but the servitor who held the reins. Precautions may have been taken along the line, but if so they were not visible. Indeed, it is difficult to see what could have prevented an attack had there been such a design. The then Czar and the present King of Italy when he was Crown Prince drove through the Nevskoi Prospekt with only a small escort some distance in

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A PLAGUE OF WOMEN

A Story for Wise Husbands and Fond Wives

By WILL PAYNE

"YES—F. D. BREWSTER," SHE SAID

I

WHEN Street entered the office, laid down his card and asked for the president he had the appearance of a man who is ready to fight and is going to be disappointed if he does not get the chance.

He stalked to the inner room with his jaw squared and an ominous twinkle in his eye—then stopped in a heap, for it was a woman who stood at the desk to receive him with his card in her hand, a woman whom he had once known better than any other.

He saw at once that she had grown stouter: the five years had left their mark; yet how completely it was she.

"Why, Fanny!" he stammered. "Of course, you are F. D. Brewster. I thought it must be some relative, but I never thought of you." In his confusion he forgot to shake hands.

The president laughed very pleasantly over his embarrassment. Certainly her eyes and lips were just the same—quite sweet and frank. "Yes—F. D. Brewster," she said.

He had prepared to meet a man and demand immediate and unconditional surrender. As it was he slid into a chair and began in a troubled, apologetical way:

"Well, you see, you're bringing out this Lazarus mine, offering the stock for public subscription. I just happened to run across one of the prospectuses." He got the document from his pocket. "It contains, here, a statement by me, under my name, about the condition and prospects of the property. Now—I don't know whether you're acquainted with the facts in the case."

"I know Fred bought it of you," she replied.

He rubbed his brow. "Hardly bought it." He pulled himself together. "You see, it was just like this: The Lazarus mine was my first venture down there at Joplin. I suppose I was a good deal of a greenhorn. The engineer's report sounded all right, though, and the mine opened up all right, so I intended to ask some of my friends to go in and take some stock, and I prepared this statement, just as you have it here. But before I got any further the thing began to go bad. We ran into quicksand and what not. It looked as though it was going to play out. In short, it didn't seem worth while to go on working the mine any longer, so I did nothing more with it. Now, your husband, you know—why, Fred and I were both doing something in the mining business and we used to have deals with each other now and then, a good deal the way boys trade jack-knives, 'unsight-unseen,' each trying to stick the other in a perfectly friendly sort of way. Well, I traded Lazarus to Fred that way, and afterward I came across this statement that I had prepared and I sent it to him—just to complete the joke, as you might say. That statement was made half a dozen years ago. I'm very sure that he never understood it to represent my ideas of the property at the time I traded with him, and it doesn't at all represent my ideas of the property now."

He could not tell her quite all the truth—namely, that though he and Brewster had kept up a show of good fellowship, it had never been just the same after she had preferred the more dashing man; that when he traded jack-knives with Brewster there may have been a bad little flavor of revenge in his amusement over getting the best of the deal.

"I knew something about it," she said with perfect frankness. "But Fred went all over it a short time before he died. You know, he was unfortunate. His affairs got tangled up so he had to look around for whatever might promise to yield something. He looked over the Lazarus and concluded that you'd given it up too easily. He felt sure it would pay out if it was worked again. So he concluded to bring it out—form a company, you know, turning in the mine for $25,000 and selling enough stock besides to work it. He prepared this prospectus and all the plans before he was taken sick. When he died I found affairs involved and not much that was available in sight. I had to see what I could do for myself and the children—a boy and a girl, you know—and I thought the best thing would be to go on with the Lazarus just as he had intended. In fact"—she smiled a little—"there wasn't anything else. And he had this all ready, so it wouldn't be like the responsibility of taking up something new."

Street stared at her, then at the carpet. He could not tell her what he knew to be true, that her husband had deteriorated under the touch of misfortune, had plunged recklessly and, finally, got himself mixed up in two or three things that were not spoken of with respect. It was clear enough to him. The desperate man had at last come down to the mere goldbrick game of unloading the Lazarus. Perhaps there was a touch of malice—on account of those old jack-knife trades—in putting his statement into the prospectus.

"He may have been right," Street stumbled unhappily; "but—why, in fact, Fanny, I don't believe he was right about the Lazarus. Of course, I haven't looked at it for some time, but I should be surprised if it turned out as well as he expected. So the way it stands the stock is being offered on the strength of a statement by me that I couldn't say I believed to be true at the present time. There's no date to the statement, you see. I might have made it yesterday."

She laughed with perfect good-humor, as witnessing a masculine eccentricity. "Well, you believed the statement when you made it."

"Oh, certainly—then!"

"So it's just as likely that you were right then as that you're right now, isn't it? If your judgment of the mine wasn't right then it may not be right now."

"But that's hardly the point, is it?" he pleaded. "The point is putting out to-day a statement which to-day I don't believe. Of course, I'm perfectly selfish about it!" He seemed to be on quite sure ground at last and brightened up in consequence. "I'm doing something now and then in the zinc-mine line myself, and if anybody got into this on the strength of my statement and was disappointed it would react on me. As a selfish business man I can't afford to recommend goods that I'm not sure of."

"Oh, certainly not!" she assented cheerfully; "and I wouldn't expect you to do it. You needn't recommend anything. If any one inquires of you you will have to tell them that you've changed your mind."

"But the trouble is they'll just accept the statement; they won't ask me whether I've changed my mind."

"Well, then, there's no responsibility on you, is there?" she said, smiling.

He thought, "Ah, there's the Brewster touch!"

She put her fingers to her cheek in a way he remembered her using when she was thoughtful.

"You see, Fred got up the prospectus and I'm using it just as he left it," she said gravely, but with a perfectly sweet temper. "He counted on it to put us in a better position. I feel that it's what he left for the children and I ought not to do anything that would interfere with its chances. I know I'm not much of a business woman. I wouldn't trust myself to get up a new prospectus."

He clutched at a straw. "Suppose we fix it this way, then: I'll get up a new prospectus for you, but leaving my name out?"

She laughed a little at this further masculine eccentricity; then regarded him with her frank gravity. "If you don't believe in the mine you could hardly put it convincingly, could you? This prospectus seems to attract attention. Could you get up one that would answer as well?"

"Why—I'd get it up, you know, acting as your clerk, taking your point of view. I believe it would answer just as well. It's—quite embarrassing to me, just now, to have my name used in this way." He wished to add, "Give this thing up! Don't bring it out! It's a swindle!" But how could he do that?

He saw she was a bit hurt, and that made him miserable. She thought a moment, her hand at her cheek; then replied gently: "Well, Frank, if you wish it—and the new one will answer as well?"

"Oh, I think so. We'll make it so it will!" To get out of the scrape on any terms was good enough. "I'll go right to work at it—have it to the printer this afternoon and send 'em over to you in the morning."

When he left the office he was thinking that at any rate he would accomplish the chief point of getting his name off the thing. He was entitled to that, surely! Yet he felt some way as though he had been detected embezzling the widow's mite.

II

COMING home to dinner the next night Street climbed heavily up the steps, applied his latch-key and stepped in, hardly knowing where he was.

But he was instantly made aware. A voice called, and his wife came gliding down the hall to him, cool and dainty in her light gown, smiling, her chin uptilted, her eyes shining. He put his arm over her shoulders and was loth to let her go. At the moment she seemed his only refuge in a welter of trouble.

"Tired?" she asked.

He frowned unconsciously, still holding her. "Nell, I've had the two rottenest days in the world," he confessed. He hardly ever talked shop to her. He wished to drop all that when he got home.

"Business?" She smiled and with her thumb ironed the wrinkle out of his brow.

"Well—not so much business as women; a regular plague of women."

They went into the living-room. He stretched himself in the Morris chair; she sat beside him and took his hand.

"What women, dear?" she asked.

"All kinds," he replied without mirth.

He had made up his mind to tell her as he was coming home. But after the first moment of her greeting, as they

"I TOLD AUNT TROTMAN SHE'D PROBABLY LOST ALL HER MONEY"

went into the room and sat down together, as he looked at her now bending a little toward him, solicitous and fond and generous, it came over him that telling her was not so easy Looking at her loving blue eyes and tender lips it came to him that she was altogether a woman and that the affair was altogether that of another woman So, in his disingenuous, masculine way, he dodged

"There's the new stenographer, for one thing. She let Aunt Trotman in on me yesterday when I was awfully busy getting up a new deal, and Aunt Trotman talked for an hour and a quarter without taking breath I don't object to her talking but to the way she rambles. The upshot was that she'd decided to be reckless and invest $1000 in a mine if I'd guarantee her against loss and pay Tom's expenses for a week to go down to Joplin and look over the property'

"But she's very kind hearted, dear," said Mrs. Street sympathetically

"Well, that's something," he replied. "I suppose I was rather short with Miss Prothroe for letting Aunt Trotman in on me, and I told her if anybody else came I was out As it happened, Willits came. I was depending on him to find the money for the deal. She told him I was in but was too busy to see him, and the old man went off piping mad. He sent me a note to say so. I just asked Miss Prothroe what her idea was in telling him I was in when I'd told her to say I was out. She said, 'Sir I will not tell lies.' That was enough to make a man blue."

"But is it really necessary, Frank—to tell fibs?'

"It would have saved a lot of trouble in this case." He felt that he was bungling his affair and making it more difficult

"What else?' she asked

Well, for one thing, shrewd Aunt Trotman took the memoranda of the new deal that I had given her and sent it down to Dickson at Joplin to ask him whether he thought it was a good thing. Naturally, Dickson felt so sure of it that he jumped right in and bought up the claims under our noses and knocked our deal into a cocked hat. That happened to-day

He paused and rubbed his brow. "I tell you all this, Nell, so you can understand that I was irritated and all out of temper this afternoon. I don't know whether you ever knew Fred Brewster?'

"I think not

"Well, his wife—his widow—is bringing out the Lazarus mine, offering the stock for public subscription and using an old statement of mine in the prospectus."

He told her hurriedly of his talk with Mrs. Brewster

"She was Fanny Putnam, wasn't she?" Mrs Street asked coolly. Her grasp of his hand had relaxed

"Yes. Did you know her—I'd forgotten."

"I knew her slightly, I think." She was looking at the wall, her head high. "I came across some letters from you to her a little while ago, when I was going through that old secretary You seemed to have got them back."

"Yes, I got them back. Well, I went over to the office and set to work at the prospectus," he kept on rapidly. "It wasn't easy, but I got something up and had it printed and sent it over. Then this afternoon, when Aunt Trotman came in again, I found that she'd spoiled my deal and put her thousand dollars into the Lazarus because it looked so much more promising and I recommended it. She had a prospectus with her that she'd got that day. They were using the old one with my statement; not the new one. I told Aunt Trotman she'd probably lost her money, and she went out accusing me and dabbing her eyes with the corner of her handkerchief. I felt pretty savage, and I called up Mrs. Brewster. I didn't speak roughly to her, but I said I saw she was using the old prospectus. She said they were, because she had looked over the new one and consulted a friend and decided it wasn't so attractive as the old. I just said that I'd have to file a bill for an injunction to prevent her using my name, and that would get into the newspapers and stop the sale of stock Then I hung up."

'Have you filed the bill?" she asked calmly

'No! And I can't. That's just the trouble. I can't attack her. I can't file a bill to tell her and her children that her husband was a rascal This mine is all she's got. I traded it to Brewster Of course, it was just dog eat dog between us and there wasn't any deceit on either side. It was like two horse-sharks swapping horses to see which can beat the other I don't suppose she could understand it that way, and even if she did there she is with the mine and my statement about it and what her husband told her about its value I can't attack her'

'Will it hurt you—your business and standing?"

"About as much as being caught selling counterfeit money would.' he replied gloomily

'Why don't you protect yourself, then?" she demanded with spirit Surely you are entitled to protect your reputation What woman has any right to injure that?"

"IT'S JUST WHAT WE WERE SPEAKING OF!" MRS. STREET EXCLAIMED

"Oh, I don't know that it's a matter of right, exactly' he replied unhappily

The hand that had lain in his with a relaxing grasp was withdrawn to busy itself a moment at a strand of hair, then drop into her lap It seems to be more a question of feeling,' she suggested with a slight smile which did not encourage him.

'Perhaps," he muttered

You were engaged were you not?" She said it with something the air of lifting a dirty rag

No," he hastened to say—"that is, not exactly engaged We were together a good deal. I suppose there was a kind of understanding—before I met you, you know," he added, but he saw this little sop availed nothing

Mrs. Street smoothed down a fold of her skirt Then she looked at him steadily from a far distance. "And she preferred Brewster.'

He felt utterly ignominious. "Yes, she did prefer Brewster," he said doggedly. There was a little pause and he said, as though that might reconcile her, Of course, Nellie, I was fond of her then'

She arose. "You must have been, to let her ruin your reputation and business now'

He stared at her, thoroughly miserable, across the great distance. But there seemed nothing to say that would improve the situation, so he clumped gloomily upstairs to prepare for dinner

He felt mightily abused, too. This was the worst of all, he told himself. Because he had once been in love with Fanny his wife would not be just to her or to him. As though their having been in love was a crime, the wife demanded the sacrifice of this other woman—all the more because she had thrown him over for another man. It was the everlasting plague of women. His last refuge was full of thorns sharper than any of the others

The dinner was not inspiriting, although Mrs. Street talked calmly of various incidental things.

Afterward she sat down at the piano as though she thought herself alone and began playing a little, aimlessly. She asked him over her shoulder whether he had remembered about the repairs for the furnace. He answered absently.

'Frank"—she stopped but did not look around—'you did get the better of Brewster in that trade, didn't you?"

Oh, I suppose so. The mine he traded me certainly turned out better than Lazarus

She played aimlessly again for a moment, then turned on the stool, slipped swiftly over and knelt beside his chair, pushing aside the newspaper and looking up into his face

'Dear, I'll tell you what to do, what you must do, the only way," she spoke breathlessly. "You must buy her mine from her. It was twenty-five thousand, you said. You must buy it We can stand it. I have some money, you know. You can take that if you like. It's the only way out of it" She gathered his hand to her breast "You mustn't attack her. You must help her. You loved her once. It did hurt, dear, when I ran across those letters. I made up my mind never to mention it or think of it again. But it was something that hurt; and now, to-night, it hurt again. But it ought not to. I know that She must have been nice or you wouldn't have loved her She must be nice now, or you wouldn't care." Her eyes shone with tears. "You did love her. How much that is! I wouldn't have you be anything but generous and fine to her. If you were not I couldn't bear it—afterward"

"Nellie, there's nobody but you! Nobody but you!"

"I know! I know that!" Her lips were so near his face by now that she kissed him often. "That's just another reason, dear, why you must be generous and fine to her. It belongs to both of us to be generous to her. Don't you see it's right."

"Why," he stammered, "of course, I'd thought of that. But it seemed—well, sort of foolish and sentimental to go dumping twenty-five thousand dollars into a hole in the ground for an old married man—and, after all, on account of a woman who is not your wife

'No! It isn't foolish!" She hugged his hand. "You know, you men are so afraid of being sentimental that when you are a little it startles us women so we don't know what to make of it. You're doing this for me as well as for her. It's the only way, dear, that will restore us. This woman whom you once loved has come up, and unless we are fine and generous to her she'd be a bit of a ghost, wouldn't she?"

'Why, that's right, Nellie—if you can see it that way."

"Of course, I see it that way," she declared, and kissed him again, while he marveled at her magnanimity which so far exceeded his. Before her woman's height he felt poor.

He would have gone on humbly to tell her this, but the ringing of the doorbell interrupted. The maid announced a lady to see Mr. Street

He stepped to the hall and exclaimed, "Why, Fanny!" Then, "You remember Mrs. Street?"

The two women greeted very frankly and the caller sat down. In her hat and jacket she looked older and stouter. She turned to him with the old sweet tempered manner

I've been thinking over what you said, Frank. I don't know that I can see it as you do; but since you do see it that way I feel bound to respect your decision. At any rate, it seems to me you and I ought not to have a quarrel. I wouldn't mind, only the mine was left for the children, you know and I ought to do something with it. It seemed to me the best way would be to come to you and see if you could dispose of it some way, or get it worked."

'It's just what we were speaking of!" Mrs. Street exclaimed. She was beaming with happiness

"Why, of course it's worth something," said Street. "It might be worked, too. I'll tell you, I've got some properties down there. We can find a way to take in the Lazarus, and get you, probably, as much out of it that way as you expected. Suppose you pick out a sort of referee, you know, and I'll let him say what's fair—let him pass on my offer."

She laughed. "I don't know that we need any referee. I'd be perfectly willing to take your judgment. We've known each other a long time," she added to Mrs. Street

They talked a while and Street rejoiced to see how his wife warmed up the caller. They both saw her to the door, and when she was gone Mrs. Street leaned to her husband's breast.

"It's all right, dear! It's all right! I'm so glad, dear!" The joy shone in her face

"She is nice!" Mrs. Street declared. "Nice as she can be! And so much older-looking than I thought—and isn't she getting fat!"

Street was discreet enough not to laugh.

A LITTLE UNION SCOUT

By Joel Chandler Harris

"I THANK YOU BOTH FOR YOUR GOOD OPINIONS," SHE SAID, MAKING A MOCK COURTESY

X

I REMEMBER that I said very little during that long walk, and all the burden of the conversation fell on the young woman. She was not at all elated over the narrow escape she had had, and preferred to make light of it, but I knew that, under different circumstances, she would have been put in prison in Richmond, and I think that her nature would have succumbed to close confinement

"You have had your way, after all, but I am not sure that I like it," she said. She waited for me to make some reply, but none was forthcoming. "I hope you don't think you have won a great victory. If I had been a man perhaps the victory would have been the other way."

"I didn't compel you to come with me," I remarked

"You mean I came of my own accord. If I did it was to avoid a scene before my mother—the lady you saw at the house. I didn't want her to hear you bluster and threaten, and, besides, I wanted to tell you what I think of you. We have both had our way. My mother thinks you are a gentleman in a way, and I know what I know."

I trudged along by her side silently; I had no relish for an argument in which I was sure to get the worst of it. In some matters a man is no match for a woman: he cannot cope with her in a war of words. Nor will silence discomfit them. At least, it had no such effect in this instance, for the more I was silent, the louder and faster she talked, and, apparently, the angrier she became.

"You will boast, no doubt," said she, "and tell your comrades how you lorded it over a young fellow who turned out to be a woman—how you compelled her to go with you to General Forrest's headquarters. But how did you know me? How did you know who I was?"

I laughed aloud. "Why, I'd know you through a thousand disguises, as I knew you here that first night."

"I don't believe it; you didn't know me that first night; you had never seen me but once before, and you couldn't have known me. How did you know me to-night? You won't answer, or if you do you'll say you knew me by my swagger. Anything to insult a woman. I'd like to be a man for a few hours just to see how they feel toward women—just how much more contempt they feel than they show. I tell you, you didn't know me that first night."

"Then why did I insist on going home with you?"

This rather stumped her. "Because—because you thought I was a slip of a lad, and you knew you could impose on me. If you had known I was a woman you wouldn't have called me a little devil—— Yes, you would!" she quickly added "You would have abused me worse than that if you had known I was a woman. How did you know—if you knew?"

"By your eyes; the moment I looked into them fairly I said to myself, 'Here's Jane Ryder again; no one has eyes like hers!'"

She was silent for a little space, and then, "Did it never occur to you that it would be politer to refer to me as *Miss* Jane Ryder?" Now, I had never thought of her as Miss Jane Ryder, and I told her so. "Are my eyes so peculiar that you would know them anywhere? Are they positively hideous, as the young women say?" I hesitated, and she went on, "But why do I ask? No matter what you think, it can never, never make any difference to me, after the way you have treated me to-night, and I hope that when you bid me good-by, as you will have to do directly, that I shall never see you again."

"That is the talk of a child, and you are supposed to be a grown woman," I replied. "You know very well that I am obliged to carry out the orders of my General, no matter how much they go against the grain."

She stopped in the road and tried to read my face even in the dark. "Do you really mean that?" and then, without waiting for an answer, she turned and ran, and I followed the best I could.

It soon dawned on me that this surprising young woman was as nimble with her feet as a schoolboy. She scampered away from me in a way to put me on my mettle, and she must have run nearly half a mile before I could come up with her. I touched her on the shoulder lightly, crying "Caught!"

"There is no getting rid of you," she answered

"Oh, but there is, as you will discover," I said. "Once with your kin-people you will see no more of me." I was vexed, but my ill-humor seemed to add to her high spirits, and she talked away quite blithely. When we came to the door it was open, and the mother, who had been kind to me, stood there waiting. She was crying and wringing her hands, and, for a moment, I thought she had been maltreated by those whose duty it was to raid the house. But her trouble was of quite another kind.

"What have you done with her?" she asked

"She is here with me," I replied. But when I turned to confirm my words Jane Ryder had disappeared. I could only stare at the woman blankly and protest that she had been at my side a moment before. "I knew it!" wailed the woman. "First comes you to wheedle her away, and then come your companions to search the house for her. I knew how it would be. I never knew but one man you could trust with a woman, and he was so palsied that a child could push him over. And the little fool was fond of you, too." And with that she wailed louder than ever.

But, my good woman——" I began

"Don't good woman me!" she cried. "You don't look like that kind of a man, but I knew it; I knew how it would be"

"Fiddlesticks and frogs' eggs!" I cried. "Stop your crying. She is here somewhere. You know well enough that I wouldn't have returned without her. She came to the door with me. I'd have you to know, madam, that I'm not the man you take me for. Do you think I'd injure a hair of her head? It is you that have injured her by allowing her to masquerade as a man—a little thing like that, with nobody to advise her. You are her mother and pretend to be fond of her; why didn't you advise her against all this? Why didn't you take a hickory to her and compel her to remember her sex? You are the cause of it all—yes, you!"

I spoke in a very loud tone, for I was very angry, and I knew that the only way to contend with a woman was to make more noise than she could. Just as I was about to continue my railing protest Jane Ryder came through an inner door, dressed, as she should be, in the garb of her sex. Her toilette would have been complete but for the fact that in her haste her hair had fallen loose from its fastenings and now flowed over her shoulders and down to her waist, black as night and as shiny as silk.

"I thank you both for your good opinions," she said, making a mock courtesy, "especially the chivalrous Mr Carroll Shannon, with his straps and his hickories and his riding-whips, and I hope he will soon get a woman on whom he can use them all"

"Oh, Jane! Jane!" cried the other, "why will you worry those who love you? Why will you try them so?"

The young woman's face fell at that, and she seemed to be very contrite. She went quickly across the room and never paused until she found herself in the woman's arms, and showed her love by so many quaint and delicate little caresses, and had such a dainty and bewitching way about her, that no human could have held out against her. The woman's face had cleared on the instant and was no more clouded with grief and anxiety. "You see how she is," said the woman to me; "hurting you to the heart one minute and making you forget it the next."

"I see," I replied; "but you should control her. You should make her remember who and what she is, and not permit her to go about as a man or boy. Don't you know how dangerous it is?"

"Oh, but she's her own mistress," the woman explained "She can wheedle, and no one can say her nay. But I'm glad she went away to-night, though I was terribly afraid for her She had no more than gone before there came a pack of troopers, and nothing must do but they must search the whole house from top to bottom. They were hunting for Leroy, too, and if she had been here there would have been trouble."

"What did I tell you?" I exclaimed. "I captured her ahead of them, carried her to General Forrest, and now she is my prisoner. I am responsible for her."

"I believe I had rather the others had captured me," Jane Ryder declared. The woman looked at me and shook her head, as much as to say, "Never believe her"

"Why did you trouble yourself?" Jane Ryder inquired "I am sure I never gave you any cause to worry yourself about me. If you think you have done me a service you were never more mistaken in your life. You have simply destroyed my usefulness for the time being; but you have given me an opportunity to show you what I think of your intermeddling"

"Jane! you know that he has meddled with you only for your own good," said the older woman. "You ought to thank him on your knees."

"On my knees!" she exclaimed angrily. "On my knees' I dare say he would like to see me on my knees before him, but he'll see me dead first." I was surprised at the heat she showed over the matter

"Your mother," I said, "has simply used an unfortunate expression. You owe me nothing—and if you owed me everything a kind word would more than repay me."

She bit her lip but made no reply. "It's her way,' explained the mother, "and I'm free to say it's a very poor way. It has always been her way. Love her and she'll hurt you; do her a favor and she'll pretend to despise you. Her kind words are as scarce as pearls among the poor. Scarce, but when they are spoken they make up for all the rest Don't be angry with her; a big man like you shouldn't care what a child like her says."

"Child! I am older than he is," said Jane Ryder.

"But age is not age unless it has experience and judgment," remarked the older woman serenely. "Without them, age is another form of childishness."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Jane Ryder, turning to me. She was evidently weary of a discussion of which she was the subject.

She had placed her finger squarely on my perplexity, for this was indeed the great problem that I had to solve—what

HE MET HER HALF-WAY UP THE STAIRS

should I do with her? Not to-morrow, nor the day after, but now—to-night. The question had occurred to me a dozen times, but I had put it aside, trusting its solution to the moment when it could be no longer postponed. I hesitated so long that both of the women sat staring at me. "You have not answered my question," said Jane Ryder, "and it is important that I should know."

"I might give you your parole for the night," I answered.

"You persist in regarding me as your prisoner?"

"I have my orders," I replied. "You know that as well as I do."

"Thank you for your information. Good-night!" and she was gone before I could say a word, even if I had known what to say. All I could do was to stare blankly at the door through which she had disappeared. I had known all along that if she once took the matter in her own hands I should be powerless, for she was a woman—and such a woman! I could no more hold her prisoner against her will than I could fly. My whole nature revolted at the thought of it. She was a woman—a dangerous woman, no doubt, but still a woman—and that settled it for me.

And then, after I had looked at the door long enough to stare it out of countenance, if it had had one, I turned to the mother and stared at her. There was just the shadow of a smile hovering around her lips, and it nettled me. "She is parading as a man," I said, "and I think I shall treat her as one. A man can be rapped on the head, tied up and bundled about, without regard for his comfort."

"And yet," said the mother with her knowing smile, "you wouldn't hurt a hair of her head, nor give her a moment's discomfort." She made the statement with so much complacency that I was more than irritated; I was vexed.

"If you knew me," I declared, "you wouldn't say that. I have no patience with women who try to play the man."

"I know you well enough to say what I have said," she replied. "You have a face that tells no lies—and more's the pity."

"Where has she gone?" I inquired.

"That I can't tell you," the mother replied; "but it would be the wonder of the world if she had gone to bed. We who love her have no power to control her. She needs a stronger hand than ours.

"I could tell you something if I would," she remarked presently; "but it would be like feeling my way in the dark, and I dare not. Yet there is another thing I will tell you that can do no harm, though I promised to keep it to myself. If you stay here you will get into trouble. The man you shot night before last has a brother, and this brother is determined to capture you. I'm telling you this because I think you are a good young man. I had a son once who, if he had lived, should be about your age, and I would have thanked any woman in the world to have given him the warning I have given you. You can gain nothing by remaining here. You can return in the morning. Jane will be here; she is not going to run away from you."

"Nevertheless, I must do my duty," I said. "With your permission I shall remain here. Does Jane Ryder know of the purpose of this fellow?"

"Oh, no; I wouldn't tell her. She has trouble enough." She paused and hesitated. "Why not go? There is the door; it is unlocked and you will still have time to join your friends. This is all I can say to you—all I can do for you."

"No; you can pray for me. And another thing: if you hear any noise cover up your head and make Jane Ryder cover hers."

"I'm sure I don't know what to make of you," she said, puckering her forehead as she stood in the door.

"But I think I know what to make of you and your daughter," I replied with a laugh.

"Above all things, don't misjudge us," and with that she was gone, closing the door behind her.

How long I sat there I know not; it may have been one hour or it may have been many; but some time during the night there came a rap at the door and the pictures of Jane Ryder were blotted out of the fire and went flitting up the chimney. The knocking was on the outer door, which was unlocked, as the woman had said, and I cried out, "Come in!" Responsive to the invitation, Whistling Jim made his appearance, and I was more than glad to see him. I discovered for the first time that I had been oppressed by my loneliness, for my spirits rose to a great height.

He seemed very glad to see me, for he laughed aloud. "I bet a dollar you ain't had no supper," he said, "an' I tuck an' brung you some. 'Tain't much, but it's better'n none." But I had no appetite. "I'm mighty glad I brung yo' pistols, too, kaze dey's sump'n wrong gwine on 'roun' here. I seed two er th'ee men prowlin' roun' in de bushes ez I come 'long. Marse Cally, how come you ter leave yo' pistols in yo' saddle? You ain't been a-doin' dataway. I speck dat ar little man you had up in front er you had sump'n ter do wid it." He laughed, but I found nothing humorous in the allusion. "Did I say 'onian, Marse Cally?" I shook my head. "Kaze ef I did, it slipped out des dry so. I wuz comin' after you anyhow, but Marse Harry holla'd at me an' tol' me fer ter hn you an' say dat de troops gwineter move in de mornin', an' our comp'ny starts fust."

I nibbled the food he had brought me, with some particularly heavy thoughts in regard to the course we were to take. Yesterday I was a boy, and a very foolish one, but to-day I felt myself to be a man. The feeling was the growth of a night, but it gave me new confidence in myself, and, coupled with it, an assurance that I had never had before, and that has remained with me all through the long years that have intervened. I think it must have caught the eye of Whistling Jim—the change, I mean—for he regarded me curiously and closely.

"Marse Cally," he said after a while, "I b'lieve you done got mo' settled sence—dog ef I don't b'lieve dat it's been sence yistiddy! I dunner wharbouts de change is, but it sho' is dar. It mought be de way you look at me, an' it mought be de way you don't look at me—an' ef you ain't done grow'd bigger I ain't no nigger."

"I have only ceased to be giddy for the time being," I said. "I am afraid I have some serious work cut out for me to-night. If you want to go you are welcome to do so, and if you stay I'll be glad to have you. I don't know any one I had rather have near me when a row springs up."

"Me, Marse Cally? You sholy don't mean me." It was plain that he was delighted. "You know how skeery I is, Marse Cally, when dey's a row gwine on. I can't he'p gittin' skeer'd ter save my life. But it's de same way 'bout leavin' you; I'm skeer'd ter leave you. I couldn't go out dat door fer ter save my life." Whistling Jim held out his long, slim hands where he could look at them. Then he ran the scale of an imaginary piano, once, twice, and shivered again. "I tell you, Marse Cally, I'm a-gittin' skeerder an' skeerder. I wish dey'd come on ef dey comin'."

"Well," said I, "I'll place the key of the door on the mantel here, and you can go out whenever you want to."

But he protested almost violently. "Don' you dast ter do dat, Marse Cally! You put dat key in yo' pocket, an' let it stay dar."

Nevertheless, I laid it on the mantel. The negro looked at it wistfully more than once, and finally, as if taking leave of the temptation it represented, blew it a kiss from his long fingers.

THE LEADER . . . HAD AN EVIL-LOOKING EYE

As he sat down four men filed into the room through the inner door, which had opened almost noiselessly.

XI

THE men came in treading on one another's heels. The leader was a thick-set, heavily-built fellow, and he had an evil-looking eye. He was evidently a soldier, or had been one, for he had the air and bearing that is unmistakable in a man who has seen service. He had a heavy jaw, and I noticed that his hair was cropped close to his head. The others appeared to be civilians, plain, honest men, but ready, as were many men in Tennessee in those days, to help the Union cause in a quiet way.

"You said thar was only one," remarked one of them to the short-haired man.

"I only told you what Captain Leroy said," replied the leader.

"Well, you better had 'a' fetched Leroy along," commented the man, and I judged that he had small stomach for the work before him.

I realized that the time had come for me to speak up. "State your business," said I. "What do you want with me?"

"We want you to go with us," replied the short-haired man; "and we'll get our wants, too."

"Where am I to go?"

"You'll know when you get there," was the answer.

"By which road?" I asked. "I am very careful about the roads I travel."

"We'll look after the roads all right," he replied. "Will you go peaceable or not?"

"Just for the looks of the thing," I replied, "I'd rather have it said that I surrendered only after a struggle." Glancing at the three men the ruffian had brought with him, I was confirmed in my impression that the affair was by no means to their taste. If they had made a rush all together it would have been the easiest matter in the world to overpower me, but somehow they hung back.

"Come on," the man cried to his companions, making as if he would lead them. They hesitated, and it was then that I gave them my views of the situation.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I take you for honest, fair-minded men, and I would advise you to take no part in this business. This man's orders are from no competent authority, and I give you fair warning that you will bitterly regret your part in this night's work if you live through it."

I could see anxiety, not fear, creep into their faces, and a wholesome doubt of their leader's good faith. I was satisfied that my words had taken the edge off their eagerness, and this was all I hoped to do. I think the ruffian must have felt that his companions were weakening, for he paused and turned toward them, with his hand under his coat, as if in the act of drawing a weapon. What he intended to say I never knew, for, as he turned toward them, still watching me out of the corner of his evil eye, Whistling Jim was upon him.

Seizing the man in his arms he whirled him around until he could get sufficient impetus, and then threw him against the wall as if he had been fired from a catapult. If you have never witnessed the fury of genuine fright it is to be hoped you never will, for there is something hideous about it. The ruffian had hardly hit the wall before the negro was upon him again, making a noise in his throat like some wild animal, his face distorted, and the muscles of his arms and body standing out as prominently as if he were covered with huge weals or tumors.

The man had not been so badly stunned by his collision with the wall but that he could turn over, and by the time the negro reached him he had drawn his pistol half-way from his pocket; but that was all. Whistling Jim seized the hand and held it, and, using his head as a battering-ram, jammed it into the man's stomach and into his face. Then he dragged the limp body toward the fireplace, crying, "Git out de way, Marse Cally. I'm gwine ter put 'im whar he can't pester nobody else. Ef I don't he sho will shoot me, kaze I done seed his pistol."

While the negro was thus engaged with the most dangerous of the men, it is not to be supposed that I was idle. The three companions of the ruffian started to his aid when Whistling Jim began operations—their hesitation suddenly turning into indignation when they beheld the spectacle of a negro assaulting a white man. The foremost went down under the chair with which I struck him, the second one tripped over the fallen body and also went down assisted by the chair. The third man suddenly found the frame of the well-made chair fitting around his neck like the yoke of an ox. I did my best to pull his head off in order to recover the chair, but his neck was tougher than the joints of white oak,

(Continued on Page 31)

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Sore Heads and Swelled Heads

IF ALL the recipients of wages and salaries in the United States who do not think they are getting less than they are worth were to assemble in one place it is pretty safe to say that that place would not have to be quite as "big as all outdoors." And—within bounds—it is well for an employee to feel that he is giving more than he gets. If he isn't he certainly ought to be, for overwork and underpay are not a dangerous combination, whereas underwork and overpay are ruinous both to employee and to employer.

But before any employee lets his anger over the injustice with which he is treated incapacitate him for cheerful, useful labor, let him consider the disquieting problem that a raise of wages is to an employer. Not merely the problem of the total of a few cents increase all along the line when the line is very long, but the problem of the mental effect of the increase upon the employee—will it stimulate him to better work, or will it, as is so often the case, "swell his head," give him an exaggerated notion of the value of his efforts, tempt him to begin to spread out and spend imaginary future increases?

A wise employer is always eager to raise wages but extremely careful about doing it. A wise employee concerns himself chiefly about deserving better pay and getting the balanced character necessary to bear prosperity.

A Remarkable Prophecy

ON THE morning of February 10 Nicholas II, "Emperor and autocrat of all the Russias," issued a "supreme manifest" declaring that a state of war existed *de facto* between the Empire of Russia and the Empire of Japan. Actual hostilities had begun with the Japanese attack on Port Arthur at midnight of February 7.

If a publication of foresight and energy had become convinced in advance—long in advance—that war between Japan and Russia was inevitable, and of importance as well as news interest to the American public, what course would it have taken? It would have secured the best informed opinion from the most authoritative source:

On the nature and depth of the conflicting interests;

On the character, the ambitions and the equipment of the two combatants;

On the probable strategy of the contest;

On our own stake in the outcome.

In the summer following the Spanish-American War, Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, had made a tour of investigation of the Philippine Islands. On his return he delivered a series of speeches of such weight and moment that he at once became the spokesman of the Administration for American policy and American interests in the Philippines. He ascended to a place of national prominence.

Events were hurrying on the heels of one another in dizzy succession. Hardly had the embers of the Chinese-Japanese War cooled, the ink was barely dried on the treaty, when a concert of the Powers, instigated and directed by Russia, descended upon Japan and at the point of the pistol forced her signature to an agreement by which she sacrificed every advantage won by right of conquest and secured by treaty. Russia occupied Manchuria.

Russia continued to occupy Manchuria. The State Department began to show signs of uneasiness over the security of American commercial rights at Manchurian ports of entry. Senator Beveridge, from what he had heard and seen previously in the East, had become convinced of the possibilities of a great commercial future for America in which the fate of China, with her 400,000,000 possible customers, was intimately connected; and Russia appeared to be the dominant influence in Chinese policy. He determined to inspect the field in person, and sailing by the European route, made the complete passage of Russian territory from the German frontier to the Pacific. He had introduction to and long conversations with the most powerful men in the affairs of the empire. He made a painstaking character study of Admiral, now Viceroy, Alexieff. He noted carefully the temper and direction of Russian spirit. His inspection was wide and searching; and when his notes took shape they appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Under date of January 9, 1900, was published an article entitled Russia and America: The Youths Among the Nations. It described the alert force, the confidence and watchful farsightedness of the Russian policy. "Yes," was one notable quotation from a Russian naval officer, "I think, undoubtedly that you Americans will control things for the next three hundred years, perhaps the next five hundred—but after that it will be our turn. We are not ready yet." The history of Russian arms has been a disastrous one, but the history of Russian advance, viewed in the perspective of the centuries, has been continuous and unbroken. Peoples have defeated Russia but never conquered her.

Then came a series of articles on The White Invasion of China—an interpretation of the meaning and aim of Russian occupation of Manchuria and its relation to American commerce. A second reading shows it bristling with prophetic quotations. "No," was the positive statement made as early as January of 1902—"no, Russia will not withdraw from Manchuria. . . . But one agency may dislodge the Russian from Manchuria: that agency is the swordlike bayonet of the soldiers of Japan, the siege guns of Japan, the embattled frenzy of a nation stirred to its profoundest depth by the conviction that the Czar has robbed the Mikado of the greatest victory and the richest prize in all the history of the Island Empire." Followed, in logical consequence, The Coming War Between Japan and Russia, a review of causes and an appraisement of forces. In that paper it was said that "the Japanese army is a perfect machine, built on the German model, but perfected at minute points and in exquisite detail with the peculiar ability of the Japanese for diminutive accuracy and completeness." The Russian soldier was described as of inferior initiative but greater endurance and equal, and probably more lasting, courage. It was predicted that "Japan can get into position throughout the country she desires to absorb, and that it will be up to Russia to oust her;" that Japan would accomplish this by a navy "all of which is at home and instantly available for this war," and that this navy "for its size is, perhaps—no, undoubtedly—the very best equipped navy in the world." In regard to the actual declaration of hostilities it was predicted that the Representative Assembly of Japan would prove a "vexatious interference with the far-seeing plans of the Emperor's real statesmen," but that "so profound is the national feeling that, when the time arrives, it will be the Representative Assembly who will want to rush into war for which they refuse to prepare." Finally, there was printed, a few months before war broke out, a compact résumé of the whole situation with the reiterated declaration that Russia would not abandon Manchuria, and that—Manchuria threatening Korea, which, "like an arrow, pointed straight at Japan's heart"—Japan would never consent to her occupying it, and so that the final event must be settled by the sword.

"So and not otherwise" have events befallen—so and not otherwise in each and every particular.

Why Not a New City?

WHEN Chicago was burned the builders were at work before the embers grew cold. It was a fine example of American energy—one to which we all "pointed with pride"—but Chicago might have been better off to-day if she had been a little less enterprising. Real estate speculators often lay out tracts of ground which they hope will become cities, but it is not often that anybody has a chance to replan and rebuild a city that is actually in existence. Chicago had such a chance in 1871, and threw it away. Baltimore has the same opportunity now.

The ordinary American city plan is unimaginative, inconvenient and abjectly commonplace. It is such a plan as would naturally occur to a child playing with blocks. Lay your blocks in straight rows and then lay other rows across them at right angles, and you have your city pattern. Of course, it never occurs to the child, any more than it occurred to the men who laid out Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Baltimore, to consider the circulation of traffic, the means of bringing people directly and conveniently to the business centre in the morning and taking them home at night, or to compare the artistic effect of avenues radiating from central spaces with the distressing monotony of streets arranged like the bars of a jail window. But such ideas ought to make some impression upon the present residents of Baltimore, who have the advantage of living within an hour's ride of Washington.

When Baltimore is rebuilt its lines will be fixed for centuries to come. Before taking steps that can never be retraced ought not the people to consult artists, architects, engineers and transportation experts as to desirable improvements in the plan of the burned district? Such authorities as the Burnham Commission, of Washington, and the Municipal Art Society, of New York, might be able to give some ideas for which Baltimoreans of future generations would be thankful.

Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man——

PRESIDENT HADLEY seems to think that our public life clamors for a large body of young men who have independent means and are, therefore, beyond the necessity of seeking office for the salary attached. He may be right, but history seems to be against him. It has always been the men of independent means who have been the great stumbling-blocks in the way of liberty and progress—those who are either comfortable, and therefore willing to sacrifice anything for the preservation of the *status quo*, or those whose appetites have been whetted by their possessions. And it has almost always been the men without independent means—not always, but almost always—who have made the clean, strong, successful fights for right and justice.

What we need, in politics and also in the vastly more important and more numerous stations of private life, is not rich men, or poor men, or well-off men, but honest, intelligent men, too intelligent to be misled, too honest to be bribed, even by their own immediate interests, be those interests great or small.

Artist and Artisan

BEYOND dispute, there are in this modern manufacturing civilization of ours thousands of workers whose minds must necessarily be just short of completely suspended as they toil at their monotonous tasks. But the critics of the modern industrial system who take this fact as a text for sermons on the good old times when the craftsman had the joy of creation have given the matter very little thought.

In the first place, it is manufacturing alone that enables millions to live in comfort where thousands were barely able to live in squalor less than a century ago. Fully to appreciate this one must have read thoroughly enough to realize how few human beings were in the least comfortable before the age of factories—or in the least intelligent, or in the least aspiring, or even hopeful for better things in this world. In the second place, it is manufacturing that has so multiplied the employments in which the brain can be used and developed.

To-day, for the first time in history, the man with a mind gets a chance to use it, and the man whose mind is rudimentary is comfortable and has long hours of leisure. Conditions might be better. But they have always heretofore been worse.

Divided Naval Power

RUSSIA'S naval experience is of particular interest to us. At the outbreak of war the Russian navy was at least twice as strong as that of Japan. But Russia, with fronts on three seas, had felt obliged to maintain a fleet on each coast. The result was that instead of a single great navy she was keeping up three little ones, no one of which was quite equal to the Japanese.

Now, it happens that there is only one other great naval Power in a similar position to Russia's in this respect, and that is the United States. Great Britain has colonies all over the world, and she sends cruisers and a few battleships to distant seas, but she keeps the great bulk of her fighting force in European waters, ready to act as a unit. So do France, Germany and Italy. But we, with fronts on two oceans, have adopted the policy of cutting our battle line in two, keeping about two-thirds of it in the Atlantic and one-third in the Pacific. Until the completion of the Panama Canal the severed fragments of our navy will remain about fifteen thousand miles apart, and there can hardly be a chance of combining them in time of war.

If we could govern our actions by purely military considerations we should probably find it to our advantage to keep all our battleships concentrated in the Atlantic, and let our Pacific ports depend for protection upon the general command of the sea which we should gain if we defeated the enemy's navy. But the political influence of the Pacific Coast makes that unlikely. The people there might insist upon local protection even at the cost of weakening our general power.

The only thing left is to write off at least one-third of our total number of ships in comparing our available strength with that of a possible antagonist. In other words, if we wish to be able to meet Germany, for instance, on equal terms we must have in all at least fifty per cent. more ships than she has.

THE WEDDING GUESTS

"The Wedding Guest, He Smote His Breast When He Heard the Loud Bassoon"

By EMERY POTTLE

NOW in the case of bills—thin, limp, flabby-white envelopes—I've sometimes guessed wrong and found inside the spring announcement of the tailor, or an interesting new remedy for disease; and I can occasionally mistake an editorial letter of rejection for an acceptance, by the aid of my riotous imagination. But wedding invitations—I even detect the nuptial scrape of the postman's boots on the very doorstep

I watched Anne in dispassionate certainty as she opened it—the impressive, pleasantly fat, "creamy" they call them in novels, envelope. Her face shone with a warm light, and in her eyes I observed the glitter of accomplishment.

"Oh," she cried, "it's Willie and Maude, dear—isn't it *nice?* and I *am* glad! Maude is a *dear*, and she and Willie are just suited to each other. I'd like to give a whoop of joy."

"I don't see, Anne, why you get so tumultuous over these things. Now we've known—Heaven knows how well and long—that Willie and Maude were going——"

"Oh yes, of course—but this makes it seem *real*," explained Anne hopefully

"What's *it?*" I inquired captiously

"It? Oh, everything—marriage—and all."

Anne always lapses into "and all" when she wishes to talk a great deal

"Marriage always seems real to me," I murmured facetiously. Anne took no notice, I'm glad to say.

"What's the good of making a clamor? Ever since Willie and Maude were engaged we've——"

"But it's the idea of their being *really* married that——"

"Well, you didn't suppose that they were not going to be really——"

"If I were you," said Anne distantly, "I'd try to find subjects more fitted for humorous remarks than——" She lapsed into abstraction again. I might mention that Anne has acquired, since we have been married, her own ideas of humor. Before that she used to accept mine

I returned to my letters. "It's a pity," I advanced tentatively, a few moments later

"If you mean that Maude's not good enough for Willie you——" Anne leapt into action

"Not at all. Every woman is good enough for every man, sometimes. I mean those invitations—it's a pity to waste money on them. There ought to be little printed slips—pink, I think—with blank spaces for parents——'

"Parents always have blank spaces at weddings,' interrupted Anne, truthfully humorous

"For parents," I continued pleasantly, "and the high contracting parties, to be filled out—just like registered letter receipts or express things, you know. Now these expensive engraved affairs—with two envelopes—why two envelopes?—I suppose to conceal the horrid fact as long as possible—they are not practical. They can't ever be used again. And I hate to throw them away—my aunt Agnes taught me that; she's very thrifty and keeps hers, bushels of them, in a kind of china punch-bowl thing on the lower shelf of the hand-painted table Cousin Julia gave her for Christmas when I was a little fellow—— By George, I'd almost forgotten how cold that Christmas——'

"Yes, dear, I know—I've seen your aunt's table," said Anne in her "your relatives" voice

"I was only going to say," I hastened on apologetically Anne does not like my aunt—"that Maude has blown in her father's money needlessly, besides bothering me with recollections and this hymeneal white thing—she's going to do it in the church, of course?"

"You're awfully silly—yes, she is."

"Trust Maudie. Poor old Willie—I'll bet he——"

"He doesn't—he loves it." Anne waxed indignant

"Then I repeat—poor Willie. What time of day is it?—not now, then."

"At eight—'The honor of your presence'"—Anne began laughing

"Oh, skip that. Why don't they say, 'Drop in if you feel like it'—it's much simpler? I was about to say that I shall not go. When Willie asked me to ush——'

Anne looked at me reproachfully. "Why didn't you *tell me* Willie asked you to be an usher?'

'I did. I forgot to; I got to thinking about you, Anne, really, and it put it out of my head Willie didn't ask me to be an usher—he just said, 'Old man, I'm in a devil of a mess about this confounded wedding business; and if you'd be decent enough to take off your coat and roll up your sleeves and chase yourself up and down for about an hour bringing in the sheaves I'd be everlastingly obliged to you, and the Lord knows you're welcome to the scarfpin and the gloves'

"What brutes men are—I'm sure it was very *nice* of Willie to *want* you, dear," said Anne shiftingly

"I'll tell him I won't do it. He got me under false pretenses—he didn't mention church. I thought he meant Maude's house—high noon—floral belt, you know. I've no clothes; no one ever has clothes for a wedding—that's why weddings are such——"

Anne sighed

"Some one always has to usher at weddings, you know. Can't you wear your dress clothes *once* more?"

"But, Anne, I've worn them once more for eight years, and three before that. I'm no antiquarian; I come of a proud race."

"Willie will be *so* disappointed. He *likes* you so You'll have to buy new clothes. You needn't give me anything for Christmas this year, dear." Anne always says that in case of sudden expense

I retired gloomily to the piazza to smoke and to murmur against the practices of matrimony

Anne looked out at me presently. "You're *sure?*"

I grasped her meaning. "I could if I stood up incessantly, or was carried in a sedan chair and sat motionless during the performance."

"Then you *have* to buy new ones," she said decisively.

I moodily began to think out a story to write to earn my new apparel.

Anne looked out again later; this time she lingered uncertainly, remarking absently on the beauty of the honeysuckle, and the crossness of our neighbor's dog. I knew the signs We've been through the wedding tumult before.

"Silver butter dishes—three," I said listlessly

"Never."

"Ice-cream freezer."

"Do *help.*"

"I *am* helping—a—a card index; they're nice."

"*Please,*" Anne giggled.

"Ice pitcher? Butter knife? Oil painting? We got 'em all when we were——"

"Oh, very well, if you're going to try to be funny," Anne sighed; then irritatedly: "I'm perfectly sick of giving presents. If you give something original (which you can't) then they all politely say 'How interesting and quaint.' If you give the good old stock things you then get 'Your lovely gift,' and so on. Once I gave a girl a handsome copper pot

MAUDE'S FATHER WAS WET WITH PERSPIRATION

I bought at an auction and she's never been the same toward me since—she'd been at the same auction, it turned out."

"What's the use of giving anything?" I muttered feebly.

"Oh, we *have* to. Besides, I *want* to. And Maude would be dreadfully *hurt* if we didn't"—there it is, the usual formula. Anne disappeared with a frown on her face

I decided to tell Willie coldly, that day, I could not usher at his wedding. I met him in the afternoon. He was pale and tired

"Bisby can't usher," he said solemnly, "and I've got to get Appleby if I can. Thank Heaven you're to be depended on, old man; I'm nearly crazy."

"But I say, Willie, I——"

"Oh, yes, Appleby will; I'll drag him to it. Say, where did you buy your wedding gloves?"

"We didn't wear any; we——"

Willie looked at me doubtfully. "Oh, yes, you had a kind of queer wedding, didn't you? Sort of literary and—and—you know—but Maude's going to—Say, old man, how much ought one to give the minister? And can you tell me where I could get a prayer-book with that marriage business in it—it's in prayer-books, isn't it?"

I left Willie dispiritedly. I couldn't tell him of my defection. Besides, I was sorry for him. Willie is not a bad sort.

Anne, at dinner, was silent and depressed; when she talked it was with her long-suffering air. I tried to remember the worst things I had ever done to her.

"I've seen Maude this afternoon," she remarked at length, eying imaginary columns of figures she had drawn on the tablecloth

"I was afraid you would," I murmured sympathetically.

"She told me about her wedding—it's to be very grand."

"I dare say."

"There are to be all the attractions—Maude's almost crazy"—Anne hesitated—"she want's me to be—matron of honor"

"Shame on her! I'm glad you told her that you couldn't; that we are trying to lead the higher life and——" I began virtuously.

Anne reddened. "I didn't tell her—I couldn't—I just—oh, dear, I said—I *think* I did—that I *would*"

Anne caught my eye; we grinned at each other shamefacedly.

"I ordered my clothes to-day," I said after a moment

"'The wedding guest, He smote his breast, When he heard the loud bassoon,'" Anne softly quoted. "What's a bassoon?" she added

"A vulgar epithet sometimes applied to the bridegroom," said I promptly

"And after I'd got it all saved up, too—it's too bad," said Anne plaintively later in the evening when I had almost drowned the thought of Willie and Maude over Pickwick. I always read Dickens when I'm invited to weddings.

"Got what saved, sweetheart?" I mumbled

"The dining room table—the money for it, I mean. Now I've got to spend it on a pink crêpe dress—and, anyway, I didn't want a pink one. I wanted blue. I'm a sight in pink; and a *pink hat* with a black feather—Maude insists on that. I'll give it to Lily Appleby's nurse girl afterward. The bridesmaids are to be in green, and the mat—— the thing I'm cast for, is in pink. I—" Anne got up and began to polish the silver inkstand—something she never does unless very exasperated. "I think I'll write Maude that I can't do it."

I wish it understood that I did not say here: "'It was very *nice* of Maude to *want* you, dear.'" I didn't say anything until after Anne had torn up four notes and had let fall a bad word—for her; and what I said and did then is no one's affair but ours. In the end we took up the wedding burden

The choosing of the present I'd rather not go into. It took hours of discussion and weary tramping from shop to shop. Anne, being an inconvincible soul with ideals, prowled from one place to another in the firm belief that, no matter how much we liked the article in hand, there must be one a great deal handsomer, or more useful, or cheaper, in the next block. I wanted to give something that Willie could use—men never get anything when they are married that is really theirs except gibes and awful nervousness—but Anne scouted the idea. The upshot of it all was that, after a week of toil and hard words, we bought two funny-looking spoons, mostly holes and filagree work—good for most anything, said Anne vaguely but relievedly

Presently I gave up work until after the event. I could not seem to get on with anything. Maude was constantly at the house, or Anne was telling me that she was coming, or had just gone. Willie waylaid me in the streets, or insisted on my lunching with him—to ask me questions. I got fairly to running to cover when I saw him palpitating in the distance

"Would you have two buttons or one on the gloves? What size collar do you wear? Have your dress-shirts one or two buttons in front? You'll be sure to have pearl studs, old chap? Of course you've a white waistcoat—double-breasted? No? Oh, then you'll get one, won't you?"

One night at a dinner—there were indigestible dinners and teas for them all over—Willie whispered to me over the salad: "Say, old boy, if you don't mind, don't you think a fellow had better buy a complete new outfit of everything when he marries?"

"Willie," said I, worn out, "when I married Anne I bought for my—whatever the male word is for trousseau—a golf jacket and a pair of shoe-trees, both of which I had always wanted and hadn't felt, up to that time, I could afford. Now, leave me in peace for a while."

The night before the wedding it rained wretchedly. That made the rehearsal in the damp, musty, little rococo chapel, which the summer folk supported lavishly and never attended, only a degree more dismal than it otherwise would have been. We arrived late because Anne had been crying over the pink crêpe; I inadvertently told her I'd never seen her looking better in anything, and it seems there was something awfully wrong with the place it went together, or didn't, in the back, and Anne accused me, shamefully, of guying, a thing I—but that's nothing to do with the story

Willie glared at me; and Anne kissed Maude to show her we forgave everything. The peevish little organist—I've always disliked him—aggressively began the wedding march; nobody paid the least attention—one never does at rehearsals—and got angry and did something to the organ that made it whine and moan. People sat around in pews, unattached and alien, and the choir boys ate peanuts and pinched each other in the loft. Maude, looking frightfully drawn and white, and dressed in old last year's clothes—her others were all packed, she said—whispered intimately with the rector in the vestry. Willie paced gloomily up and down a side aisle, alone, occasionally stopping to scowl at his cousin the best man, who was making the bridesmaids giggle by telling them how Willie felt. He was very funny; I liked him; but Anne afterward said he was a great deal commoner than she had supposed—not an illuminating fact. Presently Maude's cousin, who is an artist, and knows lovely "schemes of wedding decoration," Maude's mother told me—to me he is a silly creature—came up fussily with his hands and mouth full of green vines and pins, and told us all what we were to do. That irritated me; besides, he kept putting his hand on my arm—which I can't bear.

"*Now!* So! Right here, ushers! Maudie—ready! Remember the bride's train—Oh, my *goodness*—not *those* two together. Green and pink? Oh, *lovely*—*Please*, gentlemen—careful about the step—Oh, Heavens, *no*, Willie—like *this*, old man. That's better—Yes Maudie, Will and Frank will meet you all right, I'll see to that. What's that? Oh, no, *certainly* not. Oh, I think *not!* My dear, at the Wrexham's they wore *large white ones*—all of the men. It's very swell that way—oh, really! Now—we'll try it. Mr. Fink, please play."

The organ grumbled largely and at the moment when we were to be unleashed sunk to a twitter you couldn't possibly keep step to. At the last moment Maude's cousin discovered that little Harold Peabody, Maude's nephew, had broken into the rector's study and was trying on one of the ecclesiastic white nighties. He was dragged out, kicking, and set in the procession, bearing a red velvet cushion on which was the ring. "The lamb," cried the girls.

The organist was very annoyed and it took some time to get him in humor again: by that time the choir boys had begun to fight.

We formed the nuptial phalanx once more, heavily—Maude's mother bursting into tears at the sight. The organist started. Just then the bridesmaids forgot what they were to do. Then we all began to talk loudly, and Anne drew Maude into a corner. Willie and the best man slunk back into their quarters. The organist got pink with wrath, the choir laughed.

After a long time we reached the promised altar, Anne moving with the martyr step of Mary Stuart going to the block We did it over five times—the artist hovering like a heavenly dove above us, with his, "Ushers, hold up your heads. Walk *nobly!*—slower, ladies, *please*, so!" If I ever catch that artist ——

Maude's father wiped his shining bald head and swore horridly to me in the vestry—out of sheer nervousness.

"Sir," he said hopelessly, "I'd rather spend a day in the wheat pit with prices going to the deuce than go through this mookey—— Yes, Maudie, dear, coming. Going to try it again? All right, petty."

Willie whispered to me, when it was over and the rector had just missed marrying them ten times, "Old man, it's it's awfully—solemn, isn't it? The old party—the rector, I mean—he—he hates me I can see that. He thinks I'm a depraved—— Yes, Maude, I will; I'll see to it right away, dear—Lord, I'll be glad when it's over. Do I act nervous? I'm not—not a bit, why—Yes, Maudie."

Anne and I went home in damp silence, our legs aching, and the echoes of "Oh, Perfect Love" dogging our ears. Just before she fell asleep she murmured ——

"I don't want to seem nasty, Maude is a *nice* girl, but—maybe I'm getting middle-aged——"

"Exactly," said I. "Good-night"

Maude's wedding day was clear—but hot; that thick, treacly heat which comes after a storm, and seems to roll stickily over your body. Anne began to do things to her hair early in the forenoon, and make plans for a cold, irritatingly early dinner

The sight of my new clothes depressed me. New garments always sink my soul into doubt and abysmal gloom. "How silly of me to have new clothes," I argue. "'Tisn't democratic They alienate me from the great masses, and make me ashamed and conscious of my proud exterior. Why should I look better than Appleby, or my other friends?" Most of the morning went to the purchase of other apparel handsome enough to go with the evening clothes; for everything I had suddenly looked cheap and common. Counting my outlay, the present, and Anne's finery, we had blown in two hundred and seven dollars and eighty five cents—for Willie and Maude.

I WATCHED ANNE WITH DISPASSIONATE CERTAINTY AS SHE OPENED IT

Maude's mother, an impressive lady, built something like a memorial monument, burst into our house during luncheon and begged Anne, in swooning tones, to come at once to see Maudie—she was in a terrible state, it appeared. Anne left her rice pudding, which she loves, and departed excitedly "Was it the wedding cake or the bride's bouquet?" I asked later. Anne had vouchsafed no explanation on her return.

"It was Willie." Anne spoke shortly. "She got to thinking *what if* he didn't meet her at the church; what if she *got* there and he didn't come; and what she should *do* before all those people—deserted at the altar; and how perfectly

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terrible it would be if Willie's carriage met with an accident—Maude said she could not *see* Willie lying white and senseless under the trampling hoofs. It made her nervous, and then she burned the back of her neck with the curling-iron; and when she telephoned to Willie at the club she couldn't get him—and that made her hysterical; and when she did get him—he was in his bath and had to come out half done and dripping, he was cross and told her not to be a fool—Maude's almost dead with fatigue.'

"Good thing," said I. "Hope he'll beat her when he gets her; that may help some." And I went back to the hateful task of putting the buttons into my waistcoat

'I'm glad it's not me getting Willie,' said Anne coldly

He saw Maude first—he can have her," said I

We grinned at each other. "Promise me you'll never marry me again, Anne." "I promise," she replied from her heart

Some time I'm going to get Willie alone and tell him what the people who knew Maude and didn't know him said as I took them up the aisle; their remarks will interest and excite him. I think I'll not tell Maude what Willie's friends had to offer; Maude is a queer girl about some things

Appleby and I had the [illegible] aisle; the heat was sickening. Appleby liked it—the idea of ushering. When we weren't taking in people he straightened my cravat and told me silly stories about other weddings he'd ushered at

"There comes a peach," he'd say importantly; "I'll take her; you take her mother and her aunt; you're taller than I am"

I muttered. "Relatives of the bride?" till my tongue clove to my mouth; my collar pinched me every time I said it; and presently I grew so nervous that I got Willie's and Maude's kin hopelessly confused and jumped them all together along with a lot of people who said they were Maude's dearest friends and who turned out to be people invited only because they *had* to be. I never understood the meaning of "strained relations" until then

After a century of beaded ladies and wooden faced men, all angry because they couldn't have aisle seats, the artist cousin tiptoed in and held up a long, elegant, white hand, and whispered suavely. The effect was like a thunder-clap; every one drew a long breath and held it; the silence was frightful. The peevish organist began to practice modulations; you could feel the Lohengrin March gradually stalking nearer and nearer, like relentless fate

In the vestry we formed like the entry of the chariots into the circus arena. Maude's father was wet with perspiration, and he chewed on nothing; his gloves, so he told me, were so d——n tight—and that confounded tailor had got the idea that he——

Anne looked lovely but martyred—good old Anne; it suddenly came over me that I'd like to grasp her hand and run away with her—somewhere out-of-doors—and be married ourselves—just we two

I must say Maude was splendid—splendidly oblivious. It almost seemed that it wasn't Maude at all; some impersonal creature that one hired to do that sort of thing—as one hires a caterer or a mute. The bridesmaids were arranging themselves and practicing that uplifted, chastened air which bridesmaids always have

The artist flitted about

"Your coat, Appleby, old man, in the back *So!*—Ladies, farther apart—Isn't Maude a *dream?*—Maudie, your veil—*that's* it—Mark time now—Remember the ring, Harold—hold it up so, my little man—*That's* it—and be sure to take Auntie Maude's bouquet when she turns—Yes, Willie and Frank are there, Maudie—Oh, Mrs.—er—your *lace* is—no, at the neck—oh, yes, that's *quite* right—Ssh, ssh! NOW!"

And the sublimated cakewalk began

I remember a confused, hot rustle and gasp; a forest of palms, eight pale, determined ushers, eight drooping-orchid bridesmaids; Anne walking alone like a white slave; Willie—I think Willie was there somewhere—and the best man intrepidly stalking him as an Indian his prey; "Oh, Perfect Love;" and a Voice breathing heavily o'er Eden—that was the rector. Then a dreadful solemnity mingled with curiosity settled. Out of the holy estate of matrimony little Harold's voice rose, sweet and clear as a bell—he was a spotless cherub clad in white velvet, his pink legs bare and rounded to attack—"Auntie, the mosquitoes are biting my legs."

Anne giggled; something suppressed and swallowed ran over the audience

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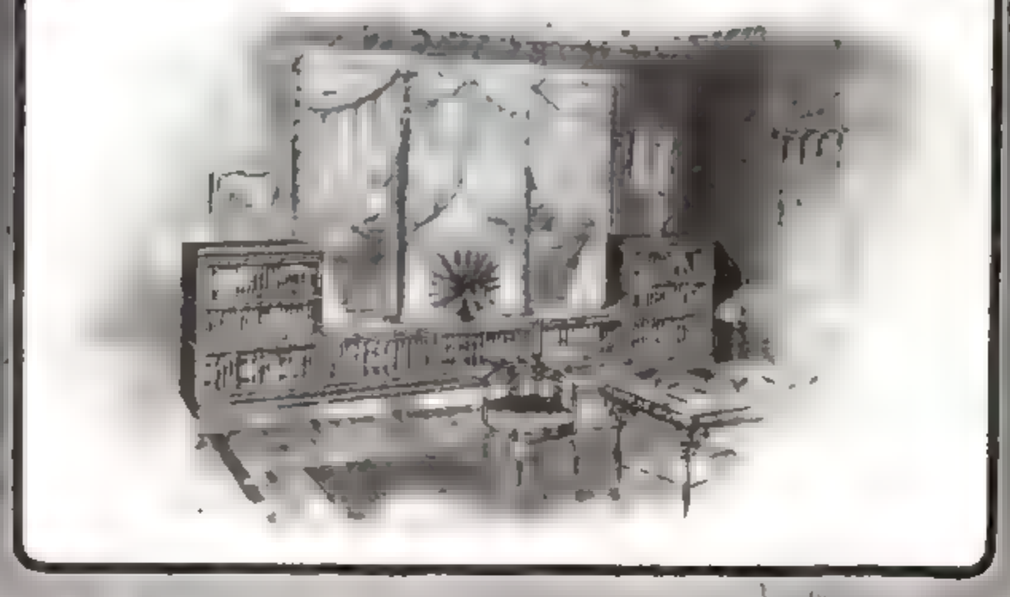

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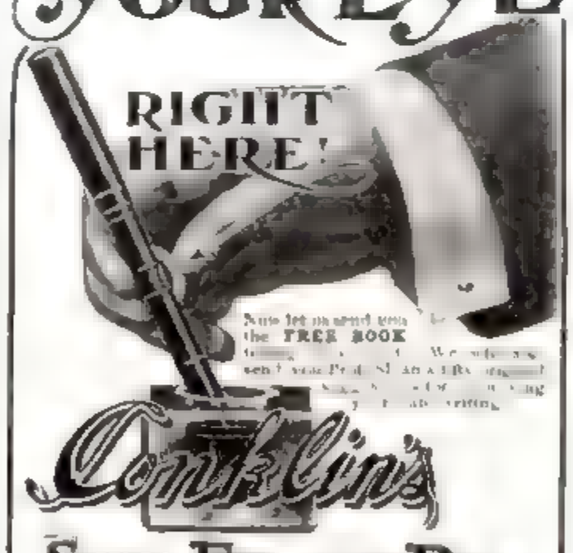

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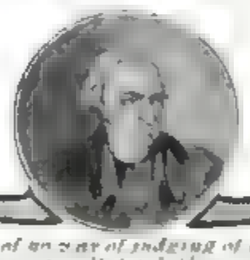

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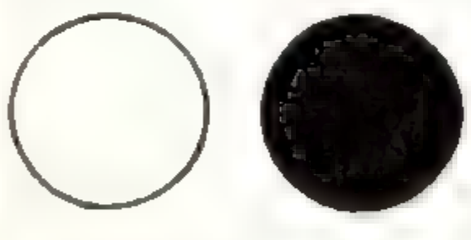

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Willie in his excitement stuttered: "With this thing I thee wed." No one noticed it but Appleby, who winked shamelessly at the prettiest bridesmaid

The little organist hopped, like a popcorn, on his bench, and spread his coat tails; the organ blared and roared. We took new breath and threw out our chests—we had married Willie and Maude. All Hail! Down the aisle we went, touching only the high places. At the door the artist kissed Maude twice, and Willie scowled weakly He was very pale, and tried to act as if he hadn't been scared. I knew how he felt

Over the wedding punch we all uproariously drank to the bride and groom—opprobrious names—and every one said to every one else, "*Wasn't* it a pretty wedding? Wasn't Maude the sweetest bride you ever saw in your *life*? And how scared Willie was; did you *see* him *look* at her? Didn't it go off *well*? Wasn't Maude *perfectly* composed and *collected*? And wasn't little Harold *cunning*? Where are they going, do you know?"

Willie and Maude, suddenly removed from us leagues away, held our hands and let us kiss them. Appleby made wretched jokes about getting married, and Lily Appleby beat him with her fan; the two mothers cried happily and fingered their diamonds, while the fathers smoked lonesomely in the library and felt secretly resentful

Presently the two went away, and then came back in new expensive clothes that were as good as a wedding certificate to brand their condition. The artist threw pounds of rice down Willie's neck and in the bride's hat; Willie told me long afterward that he would have punched that chump's face right there if it hadn't been for Maude; the bridesmaids fought for Maude's bouquet and screamed with laughter. The carriage, all tied with white bows and old shoes, rattled madly around the corner leaving us standing foolishly on the steps wondering what to do next, and wishing the artist would stop talking.

On the way home Anne and I stopped, and as with a single impulse, we silently cast our little white boxes of wedding-cake into the night. We felt better after that

Later, Anne in the old blue wrapper I like so well, and I in my old brown jacket, with a pipe, sat together on our little side porch, inside the mosquito net. I reached out my hand and found hers. We sat silent and content

"Do you remember Anne——" I began

"It was three years ago," she laughed

"In June——"

"In our garden——"

"And you wore a white muslin, with little white lacy things around it, and we stood under a crimson rambler and——"

"You looked so nice in white flannels—I've always liked white——"

"And the birds sang——"

"*Did* they?"

"Well, if they didn't they should have."

"It *was* nice," sighed Anne

"You were the sweetest bride I ev——"

"Was I?"

"Oh, rather. And I——"

"Did you, dear? So did I? Oh, it *was* a pretty wedding——"

'And you're not sorry, Anne?'

She smiled. I knew.

"And you——?"

"I have *you*, sweetheart——"

I smoked on happily; Anne hummed the tune she was humming the first time I saw her—a jolly rag-time air

'Weddings are nice," Anne murmured

"Our weddings are," said I conclusively.

And the peace and joy of Eden hung about the little house.

Justice Between Friends

EX-REPRESENTATIVE JOHN ALLEN tells of a young man in Dallas who "had occasion," as they used to say in Texas, to shoot a friend with whom he had had an altercation.

As the accused had no funds the court designated a member of the San Antonio bar to defend him. As the jury was being selected counsel asked his client whether he knew of any reason why any of the jurors should be challenged

"No, I don't," was the whispered reply, "but if they find me guilty I have a brother who is game enough to challenge every last one of 'em. If you're a true friend you'll challenge the judge; but I'd like to attend to the sheriff myself!"

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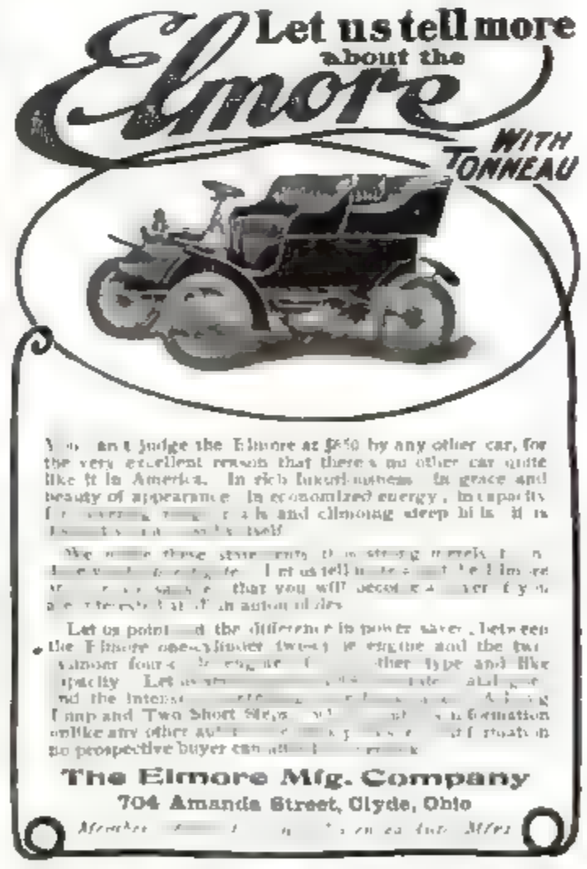

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PRESIDENT McKINLEY suggested to me the idea of editing a magazine called "*The National Magazine*." He said there was magnetism in the name "National"—that the great American people love it. With his dollar, representing a year's subscription to the National, I began the work of editing such a publication.

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The readers of "The National" last year enjoyed a series of articles on "McKinley as I Knew Him," by Senator Mark Hanna. In the February issue Senator Hanna has an article on "Socialism and Unionism," which has been quoted in the daily papers more than [illegible] that has appeared in the monthly magazines in recent years. You will get all of these things [illegible] the National, because "The National Magazine" is such a unique publication that distinguished members of both Houses of Congress [illegible] for "The National" when in our possession can [illegible] them.

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"The National Magazine"

Department 2

Boston, Mass.

The Reading Table

Absent Treatment

DURING a conversation with some friends touching upon the "pass" abuse, Mr George H. Daniels told the following

'Some years ago a well-known newspaper man from the South found himself in New York absolutely broke. Happening to see by the personal column of one of the dailies that Mr. Wrenn, then traffic manager of the Plant System was in town, the newspaper man now in desperate straits, determined to presume upon the slight acquaintance he had with Wrenn by asking for a pass to the South. Of course, the traffic manager refused it; but the newspaper man kept on tackling Wrenn for the pass, each time presenting some new reason why Mr. Plant's system should carry him to his home in the South

'Well, the last time the journalist called on Wrenn he was handed one of his own cards on which the traffic manager had written the words: 'Keep this fellow out. If he annoys me any more I shall go crazy.'

"On reading the sentence which Mr Wrenn had scribbled over the newspaper man's name, the latter immediately bethought himself of a most ingenious scheme. Hurrying to the private office of Mr. Plant, he gained admittance thereto, and said to the head of the system: 'Mr. Plant, I want a pass to Jacksonville, Florida.' The old gentleman gazed at the brash newspaper man in amazement. 'On what grounds, sir?' he demanded. 'In exchange for treating Mr. Wrenn, your traffic manager, for threatened mental trouble,' responded the journalist as glibly as you please

"At this Mr. Plant's face clouded. 'What the deuce do you mean, sir!' shouted he 'What sort of a game is this? Mr. Wrenn is perfectly sane, sir, and I'll not ——'

"'Pardon me,' interrupted the newspaper man, 'but at this very moment Mr. Wrenn is apprehensive of lunacy, and firmly believes that it rests entirely with me to avert the threatened attack. I have his written statement to that effect right here in my pocket' With that the newspaper man produced the card on which were written the words already quoted

"As Mr. Plant read the inscription his face relaxed. His piercing gray eyes began to twinkle. Finally, he lay back in his chair and roared with laughter. Then calling to a clerk he said

"'Here, give this young man transportation to Jacksonville and charge it to medical treatment for Mr Wrenn!'"

The Partner of His Sorrows

REPRESENTATIVE "CHAMP" CLARK of Missouri, says that among his friends in Kansas City he numbers two young fellows, partners in the hardware business.

It appears that the younger of the partners was for a long time in the habit of reading to the other extracts from letters of an extremely tender nature from a young woman residing in Illinois who signed herself "Alice."

Not so long ago, says Mr. Clark, the elder partner returned from a business trip to the East, just in time to attend the wedding recept on of his colleague

"Do you know," remarked the senior partner, in what he deemed his best manner, and with a hearty grasp of the bride's hand, "I hardly feel as if I were meeting a stranger The fact is, I am pretty well acquainted with my partner's wife, considering that I have often had the honor and the pleasure of hearing extracts from his darling Alice's letters."

A curious expression came into the eyes of the bride

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but my name is Gwendolin!"

A Healthy Country

SENATOR TILLMAN is fond of telling the following story as illustrative of the salubrity of the State of North Carolina

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Illustrations by John T. McCutcheon

X

It's all off now. She's gone out West somewhere—
The papers say to South Dakota—there
She's got things fixed to get divorced, they claim.
It seems that Mrs. Pickleham's her name
In private life, instead of Miss Le Claire.
Her father runs a dray in Buffalo,
That's what the papers say: I s'pose they know.
I wonder why it always has to be
That everything you think is great before
You know about it, when you get to see
Just how it is don't seem so grand no more?

I wish I had the forty cents I blew
To get the bunch of posies what I threw
At her that night. I had to gasp almost
Whenever she'd look up. Gee! What a roast
The gang would give me fer it if they knew.
But still there ain't no use of feelin' bad:
I got my money's worth, fer I was glad.
And every minute that you're feelin' gay
About a thing that never can come true
Is something that'll not get took away;
It's in your system and belongs to you.

XI

I don't know hardly which I'd rather be,
An actor or a daisy with the mitts:
I guess I'd rather be a fighter. It's
A cinch that when a pug's the champeen he
Can beat Hank Irvin' on the stage. It's me
To don the gloves—I've got a reach like Fitz—
Confound old Morton's "Front"—he never quits—
The one that wins can always act, you see.

If I could lick most anything in sight
And some time there would be a brawny stiff
Come in and give the landlord here a biff,
Then I'd waltz up and square myself to fight
And smash him on the jaw and make him bite
The dust and beg to not get hit again,
And Morton wouldn't be so sassy when
It happened that things didn't go just right.

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The popularity of the Ford is due to the power, simplicity and correct mechanical design of its double opposed motor.

The Ford Keeps the Price Down

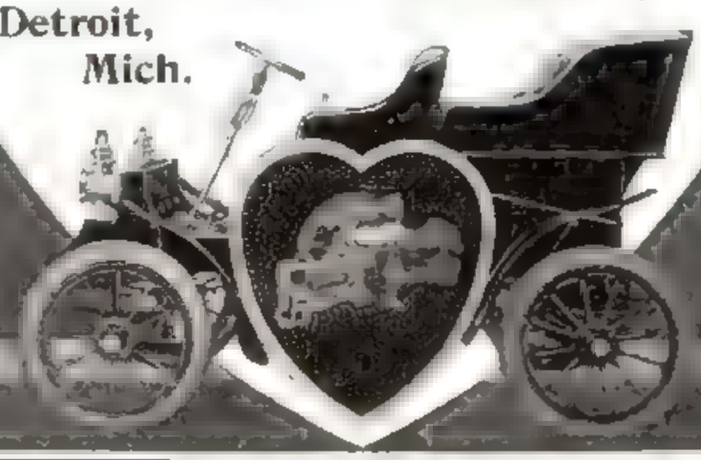
You have to pay the Trust $1500.00 for a car with a double opposed motor. The Ford is the pioneer of this type of machine and is the lowest price automobile of its class in the world

Price with Tonneau $900.00; as a Runabout $800.00

We agree to assume all responsibility in any action the *Trust* may take regarding alleged infringement of the Selden Patent to prevent you from buying the Ford—"*The Car of Satisfaction.*"

Write for illustrated catalogue and name of our nearest agent.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Mich.



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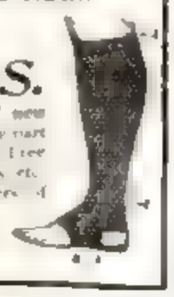

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XII

They've give us a new operator here
To take the telegrams; she's pretty near
A daisy, too. Her eyes are big and brown;
And when she sets there kind of lookin' down,
As though she didn't notice things, it's queer
The way I get to wishin' I could go
And save her from the clutches of some foe
She makes me feel as though I'd like to be
A handsome man, about six foot, and strong,
To take her in my arms and let her see
That I was here protectin' her from wrong.

The other day I talked to her a while:
It seemed as though whenever she would smile
I'd have a goneish feelin' in my breast.
She'd be a peach, no matter how she dressed,
She's got the other girls here beat a mile.
The red that's on her cheeks ain't painted there,
And she ain't wearin' no dead woman's hair
I don't blame homely women if they try
To make themselves look fine, fer good looks pay—
But hers is not the kind that they can buy—
The beauty that she's got grew there to stay

XIII

You never can tell what the tips'll be
By the kind of clo's they wear
The man that's workin' may be more free
Than the stuck-up millionaire;
The proud-lookin' guest with the bulgin' chest
Who is ringin' all the time
And who wants you to jump if he happens to wink
May have to be pried from his nickel and think
He could own you fer a dime

The fellow who's wearin' a last year's hat
And trousers with baggy knees,
Who ain't always kickin' fer something and that
Most any old thing'll please,
May carelessly throw out a quarter or so,
Without a sigh or a squirm,
Because he can figure it in some way
With the other accounts that he has to pay,
And charge it up to his firm.

The fellow that's wearin' the finest clo's
May be a Wall Street king
And scatter the coin wherever he goes,
Or not give up a thing:
He may let you stand holdin' out your hand,
And not pretend to see,
Or give you the price of your street-car fare;
For you never can tell by the clo's they wear
How big the tips'll be.

The lady that's rigged in the costliest things
And appears to think it's tough
Because she must leave off some of her rings,
Not havin' fingers enough,
May thaw in a way that'll make you gay,
But it's safe to bet she'll not:
She'll probably dig up a penny or two
And lie when she says, as she hands it to you,
That it's all the change she's got.

But the ones that are out on their weddin' trips
And think nobody knows,
Oh, they are the ones that are good fer tips—
Bein' so glad, I s'pose
The grooms with their brides stickin' close to their sides
Most always treat you fair.
But even with them you never can see
How much of a tip it is goin' to be
By the kind of clo's they wear.

DRAWING

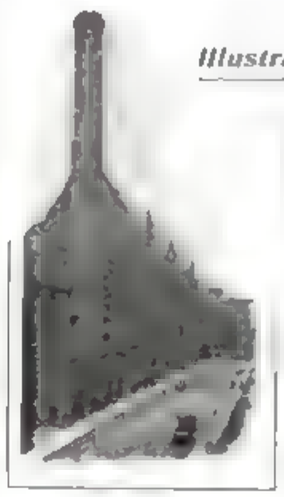
Mechanical Electrical Stationary **ENGINEERING** Civil Sanitary Textile

ARCHITECTURE

TELEPHONE

Taught by correspondence.

Illustrated bulletin giving full information sent free on request



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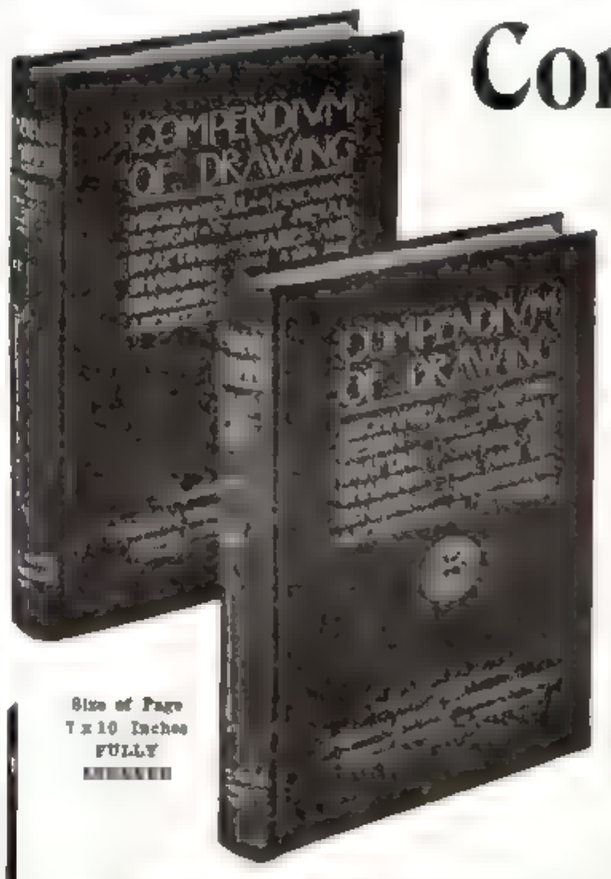

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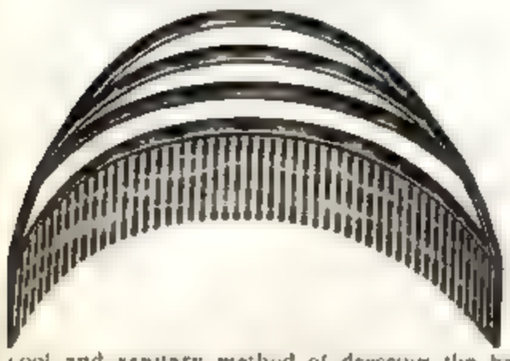

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COURT LIFE IN RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 7)

front and no guard immediately about them, while tens of thousands closely lined the route. Possibly in these later years, with the recent carnival of assassination, greater care is taken, but a dozen years ago there was great freedom of movement

The court functionaries are generally, though not invariably, men of rank, but this rule is far from applying to the ministers of state. In the mere shows of social ceremony blood is recognized but in the great business of conducting the affairs of the empire the question of birth is of little account. In this chief of autocracies the ministers are seldom personal favorites.

The story of DeWitte, the recent powerful Minister of Finance, is well known. He began as a minor railway official and rapidly moved forward through his energy, decision and force until he became the most masterful and potent counselor of the Emperor. His predecessor Vyshnegradski, was equally a man of the common people. As a teacher in the university he showed great talent for finance and economics. He was placed in the Ministry of Finance and gradually rose to its head. His mastery of fiscal science was marvelous. The Italian ambassador, fresh from an interview with him just after an Italian budget appeared, said, "I believe he knows the budget better than the minister who framed it."

My own experience with him was interesting. Calling on another matter I found him with the free silver bill lying on his table in just the printed form in which it was lying on the desks of the United States Senate. He knew all of its details and manifested the most eager interest as to its fate. His statement of the schemes to dump the silver of Europe on the United States in the event of its passage was calculated to awaken alarm, and his warning against the dangers of its enactment was most impressive. Asked to name an hour for a conference at another time, he named twenty minutes before nine o'clock in the morning. Even at that early hour a dozen men, mostly officers of state, were found in his anteroom waiting to see him. No wonder he soon after broke down. In the same way Defters, who was the pupil of Gortchakoff, and who succeeded him as Foreign Minister, had neither rank nor fortune, and his colleague in the great Ministry of the Interior was without title or social position. The empire seeks to be served by its ablest men without regard to blood.

The Russians of the upper class are cultivated and polished. There is no great country of Europe where the body of the people are so uneducated and degraded, but there is none where the higher ranks are more refined and polite

The distinction between the upper class and the lower class is broad and radical. Except in the large cities with the commercial element, there is no middle class. The great body of intelligent, well to-do people which constitutes the strong fibre of American and English life does not exist in Russia. And yet the nobility is not sharply defined as in England. There is no law of primogeniture, and titles are not guarded with the same strictness. They descend with the property to all the children. The distinctive Russian title is that of prince, and that signifies originally a Tartar chief, and has come down loosely. There are some counts and barons created with the other conceptions which Peter the Great borrowed from Western Europe, but they do not belong as naturally to the Russian system.

The court circle is quite distinct from the Government, and, though individual members may share in the cabals and the political intrigues which mark every capital, there is no such dominant or potent court influence as manifests itself around some thrones. The absolutism of the Czar is palpable everywhere. In the Government it is modified by the force of bureaucracy and by the inertia of tradition, but it impresses itself on all things. It is plain to any attentive observer that the feeling toward him on the part of all classes is one of deep devotion. There is everywhere a strong sense of loyalty. The Czar is the head of the Church and the State, and, in form at least, the power of the Church is overshadowing. He is also regarded as distinctively the tribune of the people, and in this union of churchly authority and popular reverence the autocracy rests on a solid foundation.

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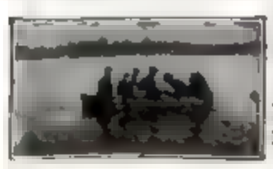

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P. BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, N. Y.

A Little Union Scout

(Continued from Page 11.

and the two long legs that go to make up a part of the back of the chair came off in my hand, thus giving me a weapon very much to my taste

It was at this juncture that the negro came dragging the body of the ruffian and declaring his intention of giving him a foretaste of torment My anger was of such a blind and unreasoning sort that if there had been no sudden diversion I should, in all probability have aided him in carrying out his purpose But there came a tremendous knocking at the door, and I could hear some one rapping and kicking at the panels trying to force an entrance. The key was in a position to reflect the light, and I had the door open in a moment; but whoever had rapped to get in seemed to have changed his mind. No one came in and no one made an effort to enter. but in another moment I heard the voice of Jane Ryder. "Run! run!" she cried. "Run, if you don't want to be taken The back yard is full of Union soldiers

But I thought that this was only a ruse on the part of the little lady to get rid of me, and, instead of getting away, as I should have done, I stepped out into the hallway The sight that I saw filled me with indignation, for there stood Jane Ryder, leaning against her mother, and rigged out in the loggery of a man

I took her by the arm and I must have gripped it roughly, for she winced. "If you know what is good for you," I said very sternly, "you will get yourself out of this wretched garb and throw it in the fire. Will you go?"

"How can I go when you are holding me?" she asked piteously. I released her and she went up the stairway sobbing

Half-way up the stairs she turned to me "You will be sorry you didn't go when I told you. You couldn't go now if you wanted to," and with that she disappeared

I could have cracked my silly pate at the sight of her weeping. I felt a hand on my arm, and found her mother standing at my side, laughing softly. Seeing that I regarded her with unfeigned astonishment, she laughed the louder. "You are the first that has ever mastered her. She is beyond me. When I married my second husband she declared that I had sold my interest in her for a pair of side whiskers."

The mother said this so pathetically that I could but laugh, seeing that there was so much incongruity between the remark and the situation all about us. My laughter must have jarred her, for she said with some asperity, "You are laughing now, but in a minute you will be laughing on the other side of your mouth!"

And it was even as she said. A file of soldiers entered from the rear, and before I had time to move or raise a hand they had me surrounded. Their leader was a man full of laughter and good humor "Consider yourself a prisoner," he said to me. "How are you, mother? You are looking well Where is sister? Upstairs? Well, get her down, for we must be moving away from here. What is all this?" He looked into the room out of which I had come and saw there the evidences of a struggle, as well as the victims thereof

He bustled about with an alertness that seemed to be prepared for anything that might happen. I saw at once that he was a West Pointer. I had seen not more than a dozen graduates of the great military academy but enough to recognize the characteristics that marked them all. These characteristics are well nigh indescribable, but they are all included in the terms "soldier and gentleman."

"The bruiser has been bruised," he laughed. "You are looking well, mother; keep it up for the sake of the children. Tell sister to hurry up; we are in a tight place here"

As he spoke there was the noise of another scuffle in the room. I turned just in time to see Whistling Jim fling himself upon the man, who had risen to a sitting position and was making an effort to draw his pistol. The negro wrenched the weapon from him, threw it out of reach, seized the hand that had held it and crunched it between his teeth with such savage ferocity that the ruffian howled with pain

"Oh, come!" cried the officer. "This won't do, you know; this won't do at all I won't put up with it."

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ROY LATTA, Cedar Rapids, Ia., whose rise from a screw machine position to advertising manager of Lyman Bros. store is well known, is today advancing himself by his skill as an advertising specialist and he is capable of far greater achievements. He became a Powell student about a year ago and very frankly acknowledges that to my personal interest is due most of his success.

Mr Latta's success goes to show what a young man who works can accomplish. The world has urgent need of him.

H. D. BARTO, of the Sherlock & Barto Advertising Agency, of Philadelphia, Pa., about a year ago was a Powell student of Syracuse, N. Y. He had enrolled with another school prior to taking up my course of instruction, but gave it up after seeing it was entirely incompetent. Mr. Barto's testimony in my behalf is worthy of perusal by all who want to avoid mistakes and loss of time. As a result, Mr Barto's agency handles over a quarter of a million dollars for clients annually, and his expert hand plans and executes the bulk of this vast appropriation.

ERNEST F. GARDNER, Aurora, Mo., now head of the Gardner-Commons Co., originally enrolled with another school, but a month's trial proved its unfitness. He then enrolled with me, and between the performance of his duties as specialist for advertisers throughout the West he finds time to praise my ability to push young men to the front.

Mr. Gardner has that determination and industry so essential, and his future is not in doubt.

By GEORGE H. POWELL

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST readers are largely men and women who are interested in advancement, and nothing can appeal to them more strongly than the story of business success.

This week I am going to mention a few more achievements of my former students, many of whom are today filling high positions at high salaries, while still others are making thousands of dollars a year as independent advertising writers, conducting their own offices.

The marvelous development of the advertising business has opened up widespread opportunities for ambitious young men and women to earn from $25 to $100 weekly, and even more; and this battle for more business through the great lever of advertising still continues in spite of the conservatism in many channels of trade during the past few months. As an example, the New York World gained 4273½ columns of advertising in 1903 over 1902! This stupendous GAIN in only one year is larger than the total advertising carried by the World in 1892, in which year it published only 4131¾ columns, as against 11,914 columns in 1903!

This multiplication of space, unparalleled in business development, is why advertisers everywhere are calling for those who have been properly trained, and the supply of good help does not begin to meet the growing demand.

The clerk, bookkeeper, salesman, stenographer or subordinate worker who becomes a proficient ad writer is in a position to earn double the present income, because employers are willing to pay the price for skill.

Many POST readers have asked me why the Powell System of Advertising Instruction has been so successful in the majority of instances, and my reply is: first, that my long experience and skill—one of the foremost in the history of American Advertising—qualifies me, perhaps, as no other teacher of advertising is today qualified; second, I only enroll those possessed of common school educations, and when the student adds steadfastness of purpose the final result is almost assured. Again, I teach advertising exclusively, and do not divide my time with other interests, nor "teach" as a "side issue." The Powell System is under my personal direction and my whole time is given up to making my students proficient.

How well I have succeeded in the past few years as the leading teacher is well known from Maine to California, where Powell graduates are earning from two to five times their former incomes, and the portraits given herewith will do much to inspire others who have their way to make in the world.

My students and graduates will readily testify to the fact that my methods are far in advance of others, and that I am able to create that originality and snappy style so essential—and seldom even attempted in other courses.

I shall be glad to mail a copy of my Prospectus, together with a host of testimony of National Importance, to every young man and woman who is anxious to get out of the ruts and earn more—also to business men who feel the keenness of competition and want to increase sales and profits.

E. J. RINGUEBERG, Buffalo, N. Y.

To indicate the degree of skill which Mr. Ringueberg has acquired as a Powell student, I will quote a Buffalo prospective student, who said to me a few days ago "you have turned out a great ad writer in our city Mr. Ringueberg, now advertising manager for H. J. Clark & Co. Can you do as well for me?" All who have seen his advertisements will be able to judge keenly as to my knack of developing good ad men. Mr. Ringueberg's reputation will be national before many years.

C. C. GREEN, Dayton, O.

another Powell graduate, is now enjoying the distinction of earning double his former salary, and in addition is receiving a certain share of his employers' profits, and all on account of his advertising skill acquired by my help. Mr. Green volunteers the statement that nothing compares with the Powell System

Is it difficult to account for the practically unanimous support of my methods by the leading authorities in view of the good I am doing?

J. A. BRAINARD, New York

advertising manager of the four large stores of Brill Brothers, is probably the best retail ad writer in New York. Mr. Brainard left college a little over a year ago and came to the great Metropolis, where it only took a very short time to find out that the country is too full of "general ability." He thereupon became a Powell student, acquired advertising skill in a short time, and then entered Brill Brothers, where he proceeded to "Get the Habit" of doing splendid work.

CHAS. W. FARRAR, Rochester, N. Y.

Some time ago—about a year—Mr Chas. W Farrar was employed as a stenographer in Rochester, N. Y. Hard work and small pay was his lot until he became a proficient ad writer through my instruction. Mr. Farrar is today advertising manager of the great Rochester dept. store of Beadle & Sherbourne, and is easily worth double his present salary. His work is bound to land him still higher on the ladder of success. He will bear watching as to his development.

My elegant Prospectus, the most explanatory of its kind, I will mail free if you ask for it. Address me:

GEORGE H. POWELL, 1227 TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK

Learn REAL Ad Writing From Real Advertisers

Those who have read the series of articles, "Freaks and Fortunes in Advertising," by Paul Latzke, together with the ads of the various "ad schools," certainly must know of the opportunities in the profession of advertising — the modern method of selling anything anywhere.

But which school will best qualify the aspirant for entrance into, and success in this profitable field of work?

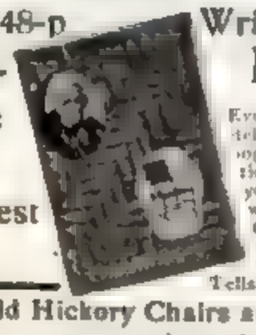
The I. C. S. was the *first* and remains the *best* of all correspondence schools. It originated and perfected instruction by mail for those already at work. Twelve years of persistent, aggressive advertising and effective methods of instruction have resulted in an enrollment of over 600,000 men and women. It has fine buildings, a paid in capital of $3,000,000, and is the only correspondence school with the experience and equipment required to teach ad writing as it should be taught. Our Course was written, and the instruction of our students is conducted by our advertising manager. Compare the ads of the I. C. S. with those of other ad schools. Are not the evidences of competency strongly in our favor?

Don't waste time and money with amateur schools. Write to-day to the "First and Best." Ask for "Publicity Booklet."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 998, Scranton, Pa.

The Only PRACTICAL Course in Ad Writing

This 48-p Catalogue Will Interest You



Write for it Today It's FREE

Every woman will be delighted with this catalogue — makes suggestions for furnishing your Porch, Lawn, etc., with outdoor furniture. Many unique ideas that save $5.00 to $25.00 a season. Tells about the celebrated

Old Hickory Chairs and Furniture

and how you can use it to advantage. Fully illustrated, ready for immediate delivery. Write now. All good furniture dealers sell Old Hickory Chairs and Furniture. Made of genuine hickory with bark on — you've seen them. Write

OLD HICKORY CHAIR COMPANY
368 Cherry Street Martinsville, Ind.
"The Original Old Hickory Furniture Manufacturers"

"If I hadn't er ketched him when I did he'd er shot me daid," Whistling Jim explained, "me er Marse Cally one. You don't know dat man, suh. He been follerin' atter we-all fer de longest."

"I know him well enough," remarked the officer. "Still——" He paused as if listening. The noise he heard was Jane Ryder coming from above. He met her half-way up the stairs. "My dear old sis!" he exclaimed as he clasped her in his arms. She said nothing, but sobbed on his shoulder in a hysterical way that was a surprise to me. "Brace up, dear girl," he said, trying to soothe her

"They were always like that," said the mother in her placid way. "I think it is so nice for brother and sister to be fond of each other. Don't forget that she gave you fair warning." Her attitude and the tone of her voice were so out of tune with all my thoughts and surroundings that I regarded her with amazement. She paid no attention to the look, however, but folded her hands across her ample bosom and smiled at her children in a motherly way

These children, I knew, were speaking of me, though I could not hear all they said, for the officer—he was Colonel Ryder—laughed and said, "Oh, he'll be in good company. I picked up another fellow in the woods. He says his name is Jasper Goodrum." Then she said something in a low tone, something that caused her brother to regard me with considerable interest

"Is that so?" he exclaimed. "You must tell me the particulars later; I have no time to hear them now. We must get away from here."

As he said, so it was; he hustled everything before him, permitting me to keep my horse and allowing Whistling Jim to go along I was invited to ride with him at the head of his little squad of troops, for he said that when a colonel started out to command a corporal's guard he assuredly needed assistance.

His sister rode in the top-buggy in which I had first seen her, and she might have been the commander of the men, judging from the way she gave instructions. She seemed to know all the roads, for she went ahead without the slightest hesitation. She was driving a good horse, too; his trot was sufficient to keep our horses in a canter, and whenever he heard us coming up behind him he would whisk the buggy away as if he scorned company. Perhaps this was due to the little lady who was driving him

I had no grudge against her, Heaven knows, but somehow I resented my present plight, for which I thought she was responsible. She had given me fair warning, but she should have known that it was my purpose to carry out the orders of General Forrest; and if I was to be warned at all she should have told me the precise nature of the danger. In that case, I could not only have escaped, but I could have been instrumental in the capture of her brother and his whole party Perhaps she knew this—and perhaps this was why she would give me no definite information

But if she knew at all she must have known everything; her brother must have come in response to a summons from her or her mother. In any case I had been tricked—I had been made a fool of—and after what I had done for her I felt that I had a right to feel aggrieved. Colonel Ryder observed my sullenness and commented on it

"Don't be down-hearted, my boy. It is the fortune of war; there is no telling when it may turn its sunny side to you. In your place I should whistle and sing and make the best of it. Still, I know how you feel, and I sympathize with you."

"I should not have gone to that house last night," he went on, "but I knew that my mother was there, and I had received information that one of our scouts by the name of Leroy was in great danger of capture. What I did discover was that Miss Ryder had been captured." He laughed as he said this, and gave me a peculiar look.

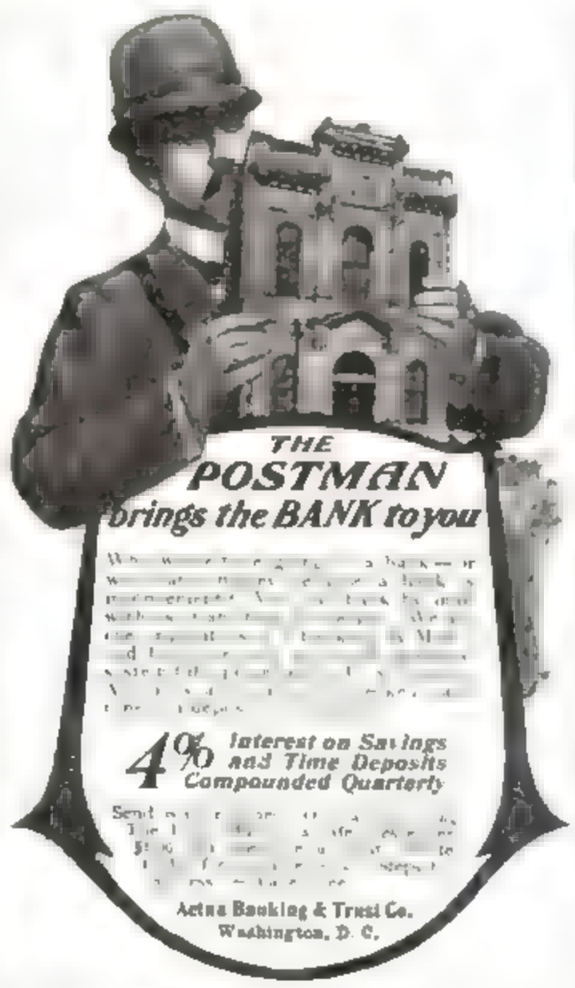
"As to Leroy," I asked, "was he at that house? I am very much interested in knowing, for General Forrest detailed me to capture him."

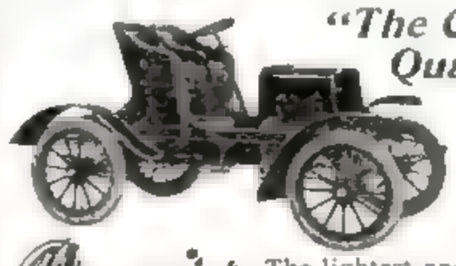
"Under the circumstances, you acquitted yourself wonderfully well, and General Forrest has no right to be displeased with you," remarked Colonel Ryder

"But you have not answered my question," I said.

"In the nature of things," he replied enigmatically, "I prefer not to tell you. Of one thing you may be sure—Leroy is not likely to bother the rebels for some time to come."

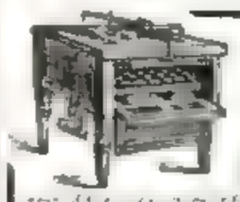
(TO BE CONCLUDED)


THE
POSTMAN
brings the BANK to you
4% Interest on Savings and Time Deposits Compounded Quarterly
Aetna Banking & Trust Co.
Washington, D. C.



The lightest and strongest car for road use—least expensive to maintain and thoroughly dependable. If interested in Automobiles, you will be pleased with the "Premier

Premier Motor Mfg. Co.
907 Ft. Wayne Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.



VICTOR INCUBATORS

are truthfully pictured and their actual working told in about 30 of the [illegible] They work regardless of weather or seasons. You can count on hatching every [illegible] Money back if not all we claim. We pay freight [illegible] is free. Just say "Send Victor Book" and we'll [illegible]

GEO. ERTEL COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

LEARN SUCCESS SHORTHAND

Taught by mail under the direction of the most successful firm of short hand reporters in the world. They teach you by mail the same system they use. Write to-day for our book "Success Shorthand System"

WALTON, JAMES & FORD
Suite 50 77-79 Clark St., Chicago, Ill

Blue Grass Virginia Farms

We have for sale large and small farms, country estates, colonial mansions, timber and fruit lands. Hunting preserves, and rice lands among the Sea Islands of Georgia. Our beautiful catalogue, "Virginia and the Carolinas, Illustrated" contains complete descriptions, photographs of buildings and landscapes. 25c. Dept. F.

SOUTHERN FARM AGENCY, Lynchburg, Va.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention; $8,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
962 F Street, Washington, D. C.

LEARN ADVERTISING

If you want to become an advertising writer or manager at $20 to $100 weekly, send me $5 for four weeks' trial instruction. Mine is the only course given by a successful advertising specialist. It is practical from start to finish. My students work with actual — not theoretical — advertising problems. I am leave to place many graduates in good positions — three of them are with the Bates Advertising Company now. Send stamp for handsome sixty-six page prospectus

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES
184 William Street, New York, N. Y.

New England Watches

combine accurate time-keeping, stylish shapes and designs, the best methods of construction and the acme of simplicity. Features that are satisfying to the user and a certainty that in the matter of price no equal can be found.

FOR SALE BY ALL JEWELERS
CATALOGS SENT ON REQUEST

The New England Watch Co.
MANUFACTURERS
OFFICES 37 and 39 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK
131-137 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO
Sprecheis Bldg., SAN FRANCISCO
183

A Free Book About Incubators

For your own sake don't buy an incubator [illegible] read our book. It is written by the man who knows most about incubating — a man who devoted 22 years to the problem. It tells vital facts that you must know to buy wisely — facts you would not think of. It tells of Racine Incubators and Brooders, of course, but whether you buy ours or another, the facts are important. The man who writes the book made the Racine Incubator. When you learn what he knows you will want his machine, we think. The book is free — write to-day for it. Warehouses at Buffalo, N. Y., Kansas City, Mo., and St Paul, Minn. Address

Racine Hatcher Co., Box 98, Racine, Wis.

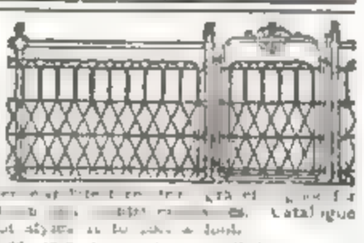
Engineering Taught by CORRESPONDENCE

LEARN TO CONTROL THE WORLD MOVING POWERS

FREE We will send free to your address our 80 page book illustrated. Write for it at once. Our book is full of valuable information about how success [illegible] our practical courses by [illegible] results and give you the [illegible] to rise to a higher [illegible] position. What we have done for thousands [illegible] Edison and others indorse our Institute [illegible] staff of [illegible]

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE
Dept. 35, 240 W 23d Street, New York

DWIGGINS WEAR WELL



[illegible] resistance [illegible] Catalogue FREE, shows variety of styles to select from.

DWIGGINS WIRE FENCE CO., 15 Dwiggins Avenue, ANDERSON, IND.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR EVERYBODY!

3 1-2 Volt Lamp, Receptacle, Switch, 10 feet of Wire and Battery, all complete, for

50 Cents

Postage 15 cents extra, anywhere in the world

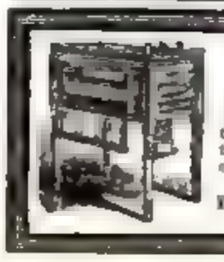
ELECTRIC NOVELTY CO., Providence, R. I.

Send for Catalogue

VICTORIOUS IOWA

A good name for the Iowa Round Incubator that so often out-hatches its keenest competitors. Any questions? Our new catalogue answers them all. It is free — send for it

IOWA INCUBATOR CO
Box 251 Des Moines, Ia.



382 FIRST PRIZES
AWARDED PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATORS AND BROODERS

The United States Government continues to use them exclusively also the largest poultry and duck breeders. Our catalog will interest you. Send for one

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR
Homer City, Pa.

PICKERING PK MANFG CO.
TRADE MARK

Ask your dealer for the famous Pickering Knit Underwear for Ladies and Gentlemen. (PK) TRADE MARK

It has no equal. If your dealer does not keep it, send us his name, also your name and address, and we will send you one of our

Beautifully Illustrated Booklets Free

containing a description of our popular styles and list of prices. We manufacture over three hundred different styles. The following numbers are special value:

Style 2348. Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers made from our specially imported Combed Egyptian Cotton; the best garments ever sold at **50c**

Style A. Ladies' Medium Weight Vest at **50c**

Our 25c. goods for ladies and gentlemen are known all over the country as being unexcelled in fit and finish.

Look for our trade mark (PK) on all knit underwear

Pickering Mfg. Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Best Sheet Music

10c

Popular Standard and Classical Sheet Music. Full size. Best Paper. Handsome Printing. Any of the 50c. and 75c. music named below **sent postpaid for 10c.** Our large catalog contains over a thousand others equally good for 10c per copy. Why not buy all your music at 10c. a copy? **Cut Out This Ad.,** mark with an **X** any piece you wish, enclose 10c., and we will send by return mail. You will also receive **free catalog.** If you wish catalog only, send advertisement without any money.

.... Mocking Bird, Variations	regular price	$	.75
.... Old Black Joe, Variations	"	"	.75
.... Nearer, My God, to Thee, Var.	"	"	.75
.... Old Folks at Home, Variations	"	"	.50
.... Rock of Ages	"	"	.75
.... Way Down South in Dixie	"	"	.50
.... My Rosary (Vocal)	"	"	.50
.... Beside Still Waters (sacred)	"	"	.50
.... Faithful as the Stars Above	"	"	.50

.... **SPECIAL—"The Burning Iroquois," price 20c (regular price 50c),** beautiful and pathetic memorial song. Cover has full page picture of the Iroquois Theatre.

FREE—To anyone buying one or more of the above pieces, who will send in addition the names and addresses of ten persons who play or sing and would be interested in our catalog, we will send an additional piece without charge. Names of music teachers are particularly requested. Write names plainly.

McKINLEY MUSIC CO., 415 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me your Free Catalogue, also piece marked X in this ad. [Enclose 10c. for each piece wanted, except "Burning Iroquois," which is 25c.]

NAME .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....

Buy either of these rings **at once.** Pay $13 now and $6.50 a month. Your choice sent express prepaid. **We guarantee diamonds;** pure white, very brilliant, perfect cut and flawless. Better than the best quality of most jewelers. Mountings are 14-kt. gold. **We recommend this value.**

CASH REDUCTION OFFER. For cash with order or C. O. D. during March these **$65.00 rings $59.00.** Buy during this sale if you will need a diamond this year.

New Diamond Catalog Free. A postal brings our new Diamond Book and Catalog combined, "How to Buy a Diamond." Contains many interesting facts about diamonds, but more interesting prices. Get it to-day for reference.

GEO. E. MARSHALL (Inc.), 103 State Street, CHICAGO
REFERENCE—First National Bank.

The Big Four in Washington Diplomacy

(Concluded from Page 6)

therefore have no throne-heirs. But there is our Presidency to take a throne's place. Sticking to a political succession, I should say that at this pinch ambassadors might properly come after Mr. Gorman and Mr. Parker, as ones who, in default of Mr. Roosevelt, stand in a line of Presidential probability. Just where to find a Yankee duke for Mr. Takahira and Sir Cheng I am not equipped to say; but should they insist upon following some one, a figure of respect for that preceding purpose might lurk in Speaker Cannon.

Sir Cheng's immediate predecessor was an excitable Oriental who got recalled one day for talking overtime. He was neither so cheery nor so guarded of speech as Sir Cheng. There dwells an art in mere speech which in its last reduction is the art of diplomacy. The matter may swing upon a word like a gate upon a hinge. An example:

There is a gentleman who holds a seat in Congress. He comes from Georgia. He is Mr. Griggs, or, commonly, Jim Griggs. In New York Mr. Griggs encountered a fellow-Representative. Lifting an ample palm, Mr. Griggs, after the genial social fashion of his region, smote the other's shoulder.

"Are you traveling for pleasure," quoth Mr. Griggs, "or is the good wife along?"

Now, this was undiplomatic—highly so—and gave offense. And yet, instead of Or, had Mr. Griggs but substituted And, it would have made for compliment and the best of feeling. That And would have been diplomacy; the Or led almost to the brink of war.

French, since the hour of the *Grand Monarque*, has been the language of diplomacy, and those billeted upon Washington never fail to feel disrated because no one here talks French to them. They should bear up; whether they know it or no, it is better as it is. Before French, the language of diplomacy was Latin, and the Swedish ambassador to London registers a growl in Cromwell's time because it took "a blind man, one Milton, a poet," fourteen days to twist a document into that ancient tongue. It wasn't the fourteen days the Swede objected to, but since Milton was blind he insisted that he must needs use a secretary, and where, then, was secrecy?—that furtive commodity so dear to diplomats, who manufacture importance by it!

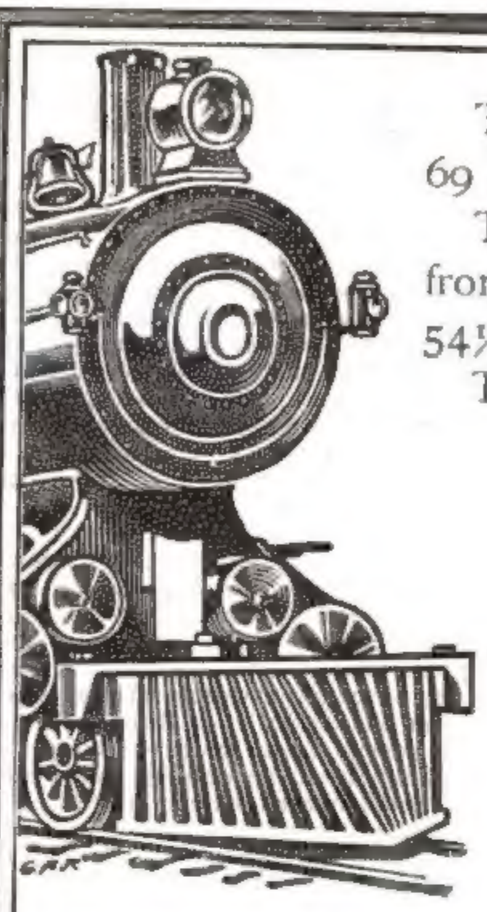
Though French is the verbal vehicle of diplomacy, there have been folk other than Americans to lay it aside. Bismarck was of these savages. I spoke of the big and the little schools of diplomacy. Bismarck was of the big school, and deceived by telling ever the unflagging truth. Having won the game against France, when she and Germany engaged themselves in throwing what he termed the iron dice of destiny—*vide licet*, cannon balls—Bismarck sat settling up with Thiers. The latter complained because Bismarck spoke German, which was not the language of diplomacy.

"When I intend to have your way," observed Bismarck with a grin, "I will speak your language. Now that I mean to have my way, I speak my own." And the grim chancellor talked German to the acrid end.

Though we have vastly departed from those simple landmarks which controlled in an age when Mrs. Adams hung the family washing in the East Room, we, like Bismarck, in what diplomacy we transact, speak our own language.

Foreign diplomats do not like this country, and come to our shores reluctantly. We have no nobility, and the only class separation we offer lies between those who have money and those who have not. There is nothing American to tickle the vanity of Europeans; no titles wherewith to warm themselves, no great houses to receive them. In their eyes we are a rabble rather than a people. Wherefore, these poor exiles drum on the idle pane with workless, discontented fingers, and groan as they count the cheerless days before they go away.

In the fury of that idleness which preys upon Legation people, the second Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), then in Washington with the English, once upon a time wrote Lucile. He who reads Lucile will be given some notion of what men do when frantic from no work.



To the Land of Flowers in 69 hours!

That is all it takes—69 hours from Chicago to California; 54½ hours from Kansas City. The train that makes it is the

Golden State Limited

In service daily, until April 14. Runs through to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco by way of El Paso and the Southern Pacific. Equipment is the finest obtainable. Standard and compartment sleepers, diner, buffet-smoking-library and observation cars.

Rock Island System — Southern Pacific Company — El Paso Route

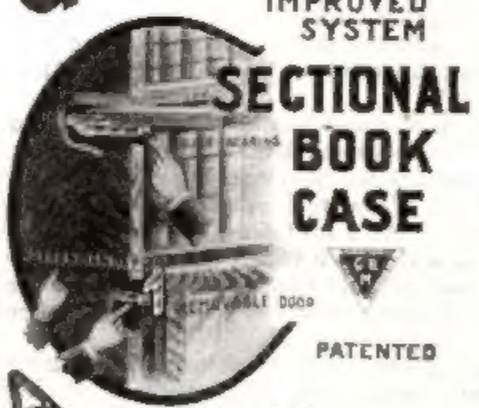
Tickets, berths and literature at this office and at offices of all connecting lines.

JNO. SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Chicago, Ill.

"GUNN"

IMPROVED SYSTEM

SECTIONAL BOOK CASE



PATENTED

The GUNN has a handsome appearance with all the sectional earmarks eliminated. Cabinet-work and finish best of GRAND RAPIDS production. REMOVABLE anti-friction DOORS; valuable books not soiled when cleaning the glass. For further information ask "The man with a GUNN"—He knows. Complete catalogue free. For sale by leading dealers or direct from the factory. No higher in price than the old styles.

Gunn Furniture Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Also makers of GUNN DESKS and FILING CABINETS.

Built like a watch and recommended by "THE MAN WITH A GUNN." A sectional system that is not confusing and has all the outward appearance of a solid piece of handsome furniture.

Unlimited artistic effect—for any room.

Start the trout season right, which means start with the

"BRISTOL"

Use a "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rod on your first trip to the trout stream and you will want to use it for all trips—always.

The faintest nibble is instantly felt by the fisherman using a "Bristol," and the delicate spring of the "Bristol" hooks the trout before he discovers that the bait has a "string to it."

Prices Reduced

Ask your dealer about it

Ask us for Catalog Y

THE HORTON MFG. CO., BRISTOL, CONN.

A GOOD POSITION

is always open for a competent man. His difficulty is to find it. We have openings for high grade men in all capacities—Executive, Technical and Clerical—paying from $1,000 to $10,000 a year. Write for plan and booklet.

HAPGOODS (Inc.)
Suite 809, 309 Broadway, New York

La Gloria

the first and largest American Colony in Cuba. Over 300 people owning homes and plantations. Money in fruit raising. Plantations of from five to forty acres on easy payment or the instalment plan. For particulars address

CUBAN LAND & STEAMSHIP COMPANY
No. 32B Broadway, New York

LEARN SHORTHAND — IT WILL INCREASE YOUR SALARY

Easiest and most practical course of Shorthand ever taught. Especially adapted for mail instruction. Each student receives the personal supervision of the originator of this System, Mr. H. Graham Paterson, Official Instructor of Shorthand, Educational Dept., Chicago Y. M. C. A. Send today for full information.

THE PATERSON INSTITUTE
1220 Association Building, Chicago, Illinois

WEDDING INVITATIONS

and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.

J. W. COCKRUM, 507 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

"As Pure as Delicious"

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

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HOME KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL

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The Singular Miss Smith

(Continued from Page 3)

ain't with the tellin', an' I'm as contented as most." With that she closed the door softly behind her, leaving her mistress to the contemplation of the pasteboard box and the thick, square letter directed to Miss Anne Elizabeth Smith in a bold, masculine hand.

The box contained roses, long-stemmed, heavy-headed, pink roses, emitting a delicious musky odor and half-smothered in fern. The girl experienced a genuine throb of pleasure as she bent over them. "Who could have sent them to me?" she murmured.

The question was answered by the narrow strip of pasteboard which had modestly hidden itself behind a half-opened bud. "Rev. Frederick Gallatin," she read, and wondered. She wondered still more when she opened the letter and found the same name signed to its four closely-written pages.

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Nugent, in quite a pretty flutter of cap-ribbons and maternal agitation, knocked at her niece's door she was admitted without hesitation.

"Oh, *may* I come in, my love?" chirruped Mrs. Nugent excitedly. "Of course, I wouldn't intrude for the world—at a sacred moment like this, you know; but really, my dear, it came over me all in a moment just how you must be feeling and I couldn't help——"

Anne looked down on the small billowy person of her relative with unfeigned surprise. "I can't think what you are talking about, Aunt Nugent," she said, calmly folding and returning the letter to its envelope.

"Oh, you shy, naughty girl!" cried Mrs. Nugent with a playful gesture of triumph. "Pray don't think you can conceal anything from me! Dear Doctor Gallatin was here this afternoon and we had a long, long confidential talk." Mrs. Nugent's voice dropped to a solemn monotone with her concluding words. "My dear child, that man is an angel and you are a happy woman."

Anne Smith drew her delicate black brows together. "So Doctor Gallatin told you that he meant to ask me to marry him?" she said coldly.

"He asked my advice and my permission, certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Nugent, clutching vainly after her vanishing composure. "That was quite proper; don't you feel it so, my dear?"

"Perhaps it was," said Anne, staring moodily into the glowing heart of the fire. "Do you advise me to marry him, Aunt Nugent?"

"Oh, my *dear*, how can you put it so coldly?" exclaimed Mrs. Nugent excitedly. "My prayers for you are *all* going to be answered! I'm sure I hadn't *hoped* for such a blessing. As I told *dear* Doctor Gallatin, I feel sure this is a direct leading of Providence, and to think that *I* may have been the humble instrument in the hands of a Higher Power."

"Then you do advise me to marry him?" persisted Anne, looking curiously at the carefully-powdered, flaccid curves of Mrs. Nugent's face. "Why do you advise it?"

"I certainly do, my dear. You are so *different* from other girls. You know you are, dear child; you are so dignified, so calm, so self-restrained. And then your money—only think of the good you can do in your husband's parish!"

"Doctor Gallatin mentioned in his argument all the reasons you have named except the money," said Anne, smiling faintly. "Perhaps he forgot that."

"Oh, no, my dear; he asked me quite particularly as to the terms of the will—but there, I ought not to have said that, I am sure. I am always saying the wrong thing." Mrs. Nugent turned quite pale with apprehension as she glanced appealingly at the girl's gloomy face.

"It doesn't matter in the least, Aunt Nugent; I haven't thought of such a thing as marrying Doctor Gallatin."

"Oh, my dear, *why?*" besought Mrs. Nugent tearfully. "Don't be hasty, I beg of you, my love; you might never have another such opportunity; you are so different from——"

Anne Smith laughed aloud in a mirthless fashion. "I ought to know by this time that I am different," she said bitterly. "But I will not, on that account, marry a man old enough to be my father who does not even pretend to love me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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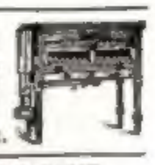

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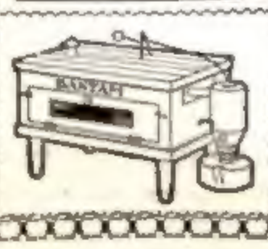

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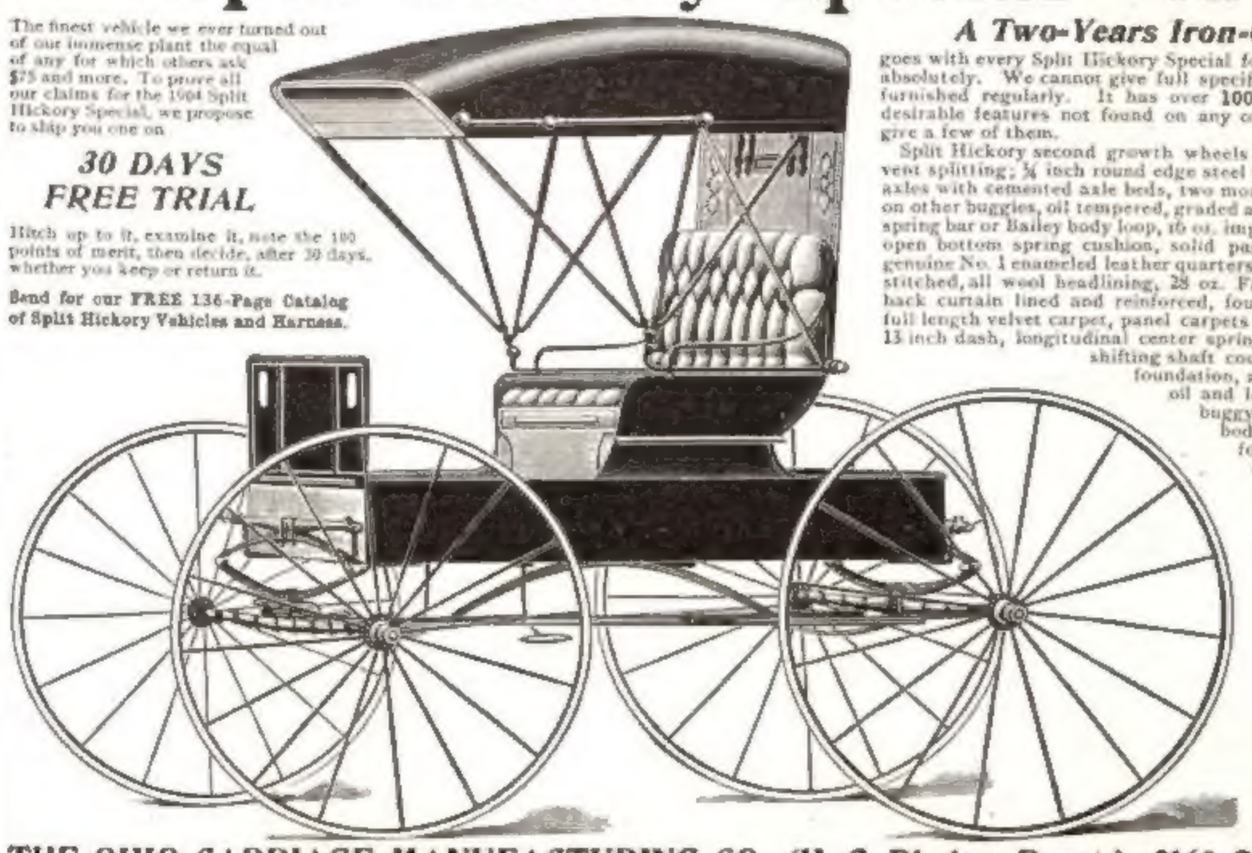

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